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A HISTORY OF THE Valley of Virginia

BY SAMUEL KERCHEVAL

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pears. At every flow, sand and small pebbles are forced out with the water.

Samuel McDonald was wounded at the battle of the Point, under Col. Lewis. He belonged to the company commanded by Capt. Dickinson. The ball passed through both his thighs, but neither was broken. He recovered from his wounds, but continued a little lame as long as he lived. Mrs. Ellen McDonald, his widow (eighty-three years of age, and still living), informed the author that she once had two sisters taken by the Indians, one ten years of age and the other seven. They were prisoners seven years, lost their mother tongue, and spoke the Indian language perfectly. Two of Mr. McDonald's sisters were taken by the Cherokees.

In the year 1764, the Indians killed, at the house of James Clannah, Edward Sampson and Joseph Mayes. They killed and took prisoners all the families, except three individuals. A woman seventy years of age had left the house, but returned and took a small trunk, in which she kept her caps and money, and carried it off, while the Indians were killing a number of persons around her; and finally made her escape. There were but two other persons who escaped.

The Indians then passing up the Cowpasture river, stopped at the house of William Fitzgerald. Thomas Thompson was there at the time. They barricaded the door, so that the Indians could not force it open. The savages immediately set fire to the house, and Fitzgerald and Thompson were burned to death. A little girl of Fitzgerald's was cruelly burnt. They killed its mother the next day, and took the child off. It was rescued by the whites and brought part of the way home, but died at Marlow's ford, Greenbrier river. Mrs. Sampson and her daughters were taken off by the Indians, and when they found they could be overtaken by the whites, a young warrior shot Mrs. Sampson through the body. She was found in a languishing condition, and brought part of the way home, but died on the way. Her daughters were never more heard of.

In 1779 a man by the name of McKeever was killed, and Thos. Grening and George Smith were fired at by the party who killed McKeever, but made their escape. Both their wives and children were taken off as prisoners. Mrs. Smith made her escape from the savages, and on her way homeward was met by Col. John Hill, now of Pocahontas county, and conveyed to her friends in North Carolina.

JOHN DAY'S FORT, NOW PRICE'S OLD FORT, FORMERLY KECKLEY'S FORT

About 1772 John McNeil settled in the Little Levels; at that period there were very few settlers in that neighborhood. Mrs. Sarah Brown, the mother of Col. Brown in this neighborhood, at the age of ninety-one years, was able to walk about the neighborhood,

and rode by herself to visit some of her children, who lived ten or fifteen miles off. Col. Brown stated to the author that a sugar tree of immense size, at least six feet in diameter, stood in one of his fields, and that it yielded him at least fifty pounds of sugar yearly. The Indians did no mischief after the war of 1763, until the year 1774. There was some buffalo and elk to be seen in the country at this period.

William Meeks, his wife, six children, and his mother, were taken off four or five years after the battle of the Point. Capt. Woods of the present county of Monroe, raised a party of seventeen men, pursued the enemy, and after several days' march, overtook them late in the evening. The Indians had halted and been encamped three or four days. Capt. Woods and his party approached within a short distance of them without being discovered. Early the next morning, it being very foggy, the whites rushed in among the enemy. Capt. Woods and the Indian captain fired at each other, the muzzles of their guns almost touching; but each of them springing to one side, neither shot took effect. Woods knocked the Indian down with his gun, and pursued the flying enemy. The fellow knocked down soon recovered and ran off.

Not one of the Indians was killed, but the prisoners were all rescued, and returned to their homes with the plunder all retaken, and the Indians losing all their own property.

Cook's Fort, Indian Creek

In the year 1774, about the time of the attack on Donnally's Fort, there were about three hundred people sheltered in this fortress. It was oblong, and covered one and a half acres of ground. A Mrs. Bradsburn was killed.

Shortly before Wm. Meeks was taken, Steel Lafferty was killed at the mouth of Indian Creek, three miles off from the fort. Meeks heard the report of his death, immediately mounted his horse, and rode with all speed to his house, to the relief of two women. As he approached the house, he called to them to open the door, which was immediately done, when he rushed into it, sprang to a port-hole, saw two Indians running across a small field, near the house, fired at them, when one of them dropped his blanket and gun, increased his speed and got off; but it was believed he was shot through the body; he never could be found, however.

In 1771, Mr. James Ellison removed from the state of Jersey, with his father, at which time he was about fifteen years of age. On the 10th of October, 1790, a party of seven or eight Indians attacked

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In 1771, Mr. James Ellison removed from the state of Jersey, with his father, at which time he was about fifteen years of age. On the 19th of October, 1780, a party of seven or eight Indians attacked him, wounded him in the shoulder, the ball passing under his shoulderblade and out very near his spine; he was tied and taken off a prisoner. The next day, when they had traveled about fifteen miles with him, while passing through a thicket he suddenly escaped from them, and was pursued, but outran them and got off. This old and

intelligent man, was afterwards in the battle of the Point, under Col. Lewis. The author saw him and conversed with him; he was then about eighty years of age.

Mr. Ellison has been a great and successful hunter. There were but very few buffalo and elk remaining in the country, but abundance of bears, deer, panthers, wolves, wild cats, and a vast number of turkeys and other small game. Mr. Ellison stated that he might safely affirm that he had killed more than one thousand deer, three or four hundred bears, a great many panthers, wolves, &c. The wild game was the chief dependence of the first settlers, for subsistence. There were a great many beavers, otters, and other furred animals taken by hunters.

Mr. John Lybrook, born in Pennsylvania, aged seventy-three, was too young to recollect when his father moved and settled on New river, at the mouth of Sinking Creek (this was in 1772). He is now living in Giles county.

In the year 1774 the Indians commenced their outrages in this neighborhood. The first act of murder was perpetrated by four Indians near his father's house. Mr. Lybrook was then about ten or eleven years old. About the first of July, my informant and several of his brothers and sisters, and several of Mr. Snydow's children, were at play on the edge of the river. They discovered the Indians approaching. John went to the shore and ran some distance along the margin of the water; but he discovered that an Indian on the bank had got ahead of him. The bank at that place was so precipitous that there was but one point that could be ascended. The Indian stooped to fire at two lads swimming the river, and John took this opportunity to ascend the bank by a narrow channel, worn in it by the feet of wild animals, when they used it as a passage to and from the water. He darted by the Indian, who instantly pursued him. After running about one hundred yards, he leaped across a gully worn by a small stream of water in the bank of the river. It was at least twelve feet wide. At this place the Indian halted, but would not try the leap, but threw a buffalo tug at the boy, which he felt strike his head and back; but the little fellow made his escape, and got safely to the fort at his father's house. Mr. Lybrook stated this fact to the author, and most solemnly declared it was true. Three of the Indians entered the canoe, and killed and scalped five of the children. A sister of my informant, a girl about thirteen years of age, had the presence of mind to turn the canoe, which she was in, with the other children, stern foremost, while the Indians were engaged in killing and scalping their victims, and jumped out and ran. She was pursued by an Indian; her screams attracted the attention of a remarkably fierce dog, which immediately ran with the utmost speed to her relief. The Indian had got so near her, that he extended his arm to seize her, but the dog had approached near enough to save her. He ran so close to her that he threw her down; then seized the Indian by one of his thighs just above his knee, gave

a violent jerk, and threw the fellow to the ground. The girl escaped; the dog hung on, tearing at him for a little time: but letting go his hold, he sprang at the fellow's throat. The Indian struck him a violent blow with a war club, and knocked him down. The dog then ran to the canoe and guarded the dead children until the people took them away for burial. The dog refused to follow them, immediately ran off, and raised a most piteous howl. Some of the party went to see what produced the distress of the dog, and found a little boy about six years old, who had been violently struck on the head with a war club, his skull severely fractured, and his brains oozing out and his head scalped. He was a brother to my informant. The little fellow breathed about twenty-four hours, and then expired. The author will take some further notice of Mr. Lybrook in this chapter.

Mrs. Margaret Hall, sixty-nine years of age, when ten years old, with a younger sister, and a little daughter of Richard Esty, were taken by a party of Shawnee Indians, on New river. Her mother, three sisters and brother, were killed at the time, and the prisoners were taken to the Shawnee towns. The same morning Philip Kavanah was killed, and a young lad fifteen or sixteen years of age taken, named Francis Denny. Mrs. Hall was eighteen years with the Indians, and never returned home until after Gen. Wayne defeated them. Mrs. Hall was transferred by the Shawnees to the Delaware tribe. She was adopted by the Indian chief Koothumpus, and her sister Elizabeth in the family of Petasse, commonly called Snake. The Indians had a few cattle, and used some milk and butter. Their bread was commonly made with pounded corn meal. The English, however, frequently furnished them with flour, which they usually baked in the ashes. The bread ate very well when fresh. They also made fritters and pancakes. The Shawnee women were far better house-keepers than the Delawares. The Shawnees lived better and more plentifully than the Delawares. A few years before Mrs. Hall returned home, a young Indian chief made love to her and vehemently urged her to consent to marry him, which she peremptorily refused. He threatened her life if she would not consent. He continued his visits to her, and her foster mother urged her to consent to the match. The young squaws frequently congratulated her on her fine offer. She at length, by continued solicitations of the young chief, became so annoyed that she determined on taking flight to another village, seventy miles off, to which her foster sister and brother had removed. Early one morning she secured a very fine horse, mounted him, and pushed off. She traveled briskly, and reached her destination about sunset, traveling the seventy miles through a trackless wilderness. She found her foster sister, but her brother was out on a hunting excursion. She complained to her foster sister of the treatment she had received, who replied, "I will defend you with my life." The young warrior determined not to be defeated in this way, without another effort to secure her to himself or take her life. He pursued her immediately, and reached the

village to which she had fled, the next day in the afternoon. He soon found where she was, and called on her and told her if she did not immediately consent to become his wife, he would kill her. Her foster sister stood by her. She raised her hands and protested that she never would. He made a lunge at her with a long knife, but her sister threw herself between them, and received a slight wound in her side, the point of the knife striking a rib. The girl instantly seized the knife, and wrenching it from his hand, broke the blade and threw it away. They quickly commenced a furious fight, while she sat petrified, as it were, with fear. Her sister told her to run and hide herself, exclaiming, "He will kill me and then kill you." She then ran and concealed herself. But the young woman proved too stout for the fellow, gave him a severe drubbing, and drove him off. The foster brother returned in about a fortnight, from his hunting expedition. She complained to him. He told her not to be uneasy; called him a dog (the worst epithet they could apply to each other), and said that if he ever made any further attempt upon her, he would immediately kill him. The fellow, however, never annoyed her again. He was some time after killed in Wayne's battle with the Indians. Mrs. Hall's residence is in Giles county, about four miles from the Grey Sulphur Spring.

FIRE HUNTING

Mr. John Lybrook has been a most enterprising and successful hunter. He stated to the author that he had probably killed three thousand deer, five or six hundred bears, hundreds of panthers, wolves and wild cats; and an innumerable number of turkeys and small game. When he was about thirteen years of age, his father's dog treed a panther of enormous size. He came to the house and took down a rifle. His mother asked him what he was going to do with the gun. He replied that he was going to see what the dog had treed. She remarked that it was probably a panther, and charged him, if it was, not to shoot at it, but to get his father to shoot it; adding, if he wounded it and did not kill it, it would tear him to pieces. He soon discovered that it was a huge panther, standing at full length on a large limb of the tree, about twenty feet from the ground. He knew himself to be a sure marksman, and would not forgo the temptation at firing at so fine a mark. Disobeying his mother's injunction, he took a deliberate aim at his side, a little behind the shoulder, and the ball passed through the animal's heart, and it fell dead. His mother was near scourging him for disobeying her orders; but he acquired great credit from his father and the neighbourhood generally, for his bravery and firmness. It was the largest animal of the kind ever known to be killed in that part of the

country. It measured upwards of fourteen feet from the end of its nose to the end of its tail.*

The author had frequently heard that the western people, in early times, practiced what they called "fire hunting," but never knew exactly what it meant, until Mr. Lybrook explained it to him. The hunters made stone hearths in one end of their canoes, on which they would raise large pine lights in the night, and set their canoes to floating down the stream. The deer usually collected in considerable numbers in the rivers, in order to feed on the moss which grew in them. As the light approached near the deer, it would raise its head, and stare it; and its eyes would shine as bright as diamonds. When the shining of the eyes were seen, the hunter would consider himself near enough to shoot. Thousands and thousands of deer were killed in this way.

In 1778, grain grew scarce at the fort. Old Mr. Lybrook and the Snydows had several parcels of wheat standing in the stack, at their respective farms. Ten men were sent to thresh out the wheat. Mr. Lybrook, about fifteen years of age, was directed to take charge of the pack horses, to convey the wheat to the fort (Preston's fort, about fifteen miles distant). Two men were sent with him. When they reached the wheat yard, the threshers had left and gone to his father's house or fort, and they, Mr. Lybrook and the other two, went there also. Mr. Lybrook discovered a party of Indians on a high hill, who also discovered Mr. Lybrook and his companions, and attempted to intercept them. They had to use great ingenuity and caution to elude the enemy, but got safe to the fort and gave information of the Indians skulking in the woods.

A brave and active man by the name Scott went out and killed one of the party of Indians, and the others immediately took to flight.

In the year 1775, peaceable times were had with the Indians. But in 1776, they recommenced their warfare, and continued with unabated fury until 1780. The white people had extended their settlements considerably to the west of New river; this afforded some protection to the settlers in this section; but the enemy would come in a while skulk into the neighborhood, commit murders and robberies, and steal horses, and then push off. This state of things continued for several years after the year 1780.

Mr. Lybrook, after his well managed trip for the conveyance of the wheat to the fort, was almost every year appointed† an Indian spy, and after he grew to manhood, he served regularly for three years in that capacity. His brother, Philip, and a Mr. Phillips

*The author would not have ventured to state this fact, had it might be suspected that he is disposed to deal in the relation of marvelous stories. But he related this story to Col. Weston, on the South Branch, in Hardy county, who stated that he had himself killed one of enormous size.

† Fourth Edition Note. This would make the animal much larger than a tiger. The usual length of the panther is five feet, inclusive of the tail.

‡ Near the mouth of Indian Creek, a branch of Greenbrier.

generally served with him. It was an arduous and dangerous service, but they were fortunate enough never to get hurt by the enemy.

The last time the hostile Indians were known to be in Greenbrier county, was in the summer of 1793. The three Indians came into the settlement, stole several horses, and attempted to make their escape.*

Matthew Farly, an intrepid hunter, raised ten men and pursued them. He came in sight of their encampment late in the evening, halted and remained until early next morning. Farly divided his men into two parties, and directed that each should fire separately at an Indian. Two of them had risen, and setting quietly; the third was lying down. When the whites approached near enough to fire, each party singled their object, fired, and the two Indians were killed; the third sprang to his feet, and ran up the side of the hill. Farly having reserved his fire, seeing the fellow endeavoring to make his escape, fired at him, and broke his thigh. He fell, rolled down the hill, and cried out, "Enough, I give up." Farly was desirous of saving his life, but Charles Clay and others, whose friends had been massacred by the Indians, rushed upon him and dispatched him.

The executive of Virginia rewarded this little company of men by paying for their tour of service.

The author was informed that in the year 1795, there was an outrage committed on the property of a farmer in Greenbrier county, charged to the Indians. The dwelling house, in the absence of the family, and a new wagon which was drawn up close to the house, were both set on fire and consumed together. But it is more probable that it was the work of incendiaries, who had first robbed the house and then fired it, with a view to conceal their villainy. Every Indian warrior was called home in the spring of 1794, when it was known that Gen. Wayne was preparing to invade their country with a powerful army. The Indians concentrated all their forces for their own defense, and after their decisive defeat by Wayne, immediately entered into a treaty, which put a final end to the further hostilities by the savages in Western Virginia.

Col. Stuart, the clerk of Greenbrier court, expressed this opinion to the writer:

During the period of Indian hostilities, four Indians came into the settlement on the head of the Wappatomaca. They were said to belong to a tribe then at peace with the whites. One of them objected to traveling down the South Branch Fork, saying they would be in danger. The other three laughed at him. He separated from them, and took down the North Fork. The three were pursued by white men and killed on Mill Creek; the fourth was seen by a negro man belonging to Cunningham, and pursued seven or eight miles. As he was crossing the river, the negro fired at him. He fell into the water, but immediately sprang up and made his escape. His blanket

* The Indians were overtaken on the marshes of Cole river.

was folded up, and placed on his back; the ball struck the blank and penetrated through several folds, but remained in it. When Indian reached his tribe, he unfolded his blanket, and the bullet found in it.

The men who committed the murder were apprehended and ordered to jail, but their neighbors raised a party of men, and rescued the prisoners, and set them at liberty. They were never brought to trial for the offense. The father of my informant was one of the party who effected the rescue.

APP'S VALLEY

This valley is situated in the county of Tazewell, and took its name from Absalom Looney, a hunter, who is supposed to have been the first white man that explored it. It is about ten miles long, generally about fifty rods wide. There is no stream of water running along it, nor across it. The branches that come down the mountain hollows, and the springs, all sink at the edge of the flat land and in a large spring at the lower end of the valley. When first visited by the white man, it was overgrown by the crab-apple, plum, thorn, and covered with the most luxuriant herbage, affording the best range for stock, and abounding with game.

In the autumn of 1775, Capt. James Moore removed with his family from Rockbridge county to this valley, having cleared a tract of land the preceding spring, and raised a crop of corn. A short time afterwards, his brother-in-law, Robert Poage, settled near to him in the same valley. The place was exceedingly secluded, and these two families were ten or twelve miles from any other settlement of white people. As this had been a favorite hunting ground of the Indians, they had visited it. Indeed, there was scarcely a year in which these families were not compelled to leave the valley and take shelter in a fort or the Bluestone settlement.

In the spring of 1782, the Indians made a

CHAPTER VI

BREAKING OUT OF THE INDIAN WAR

It has been noticed in a preceding chapter, that in the year 1753, emissaries from the Western Indians came among the Valley Indians, inviting them to cross the Alleghany Mountains, and that in the spring of the year 1754, the Indians suddenly and unexpectedly moved off, and entirely left the Valley.

That this movement of the Indians was made under the influence of the French, there is but little doubt. In the year 1753, Maj. Geo. Washington (since the illustrious Gen. Washington), was sent by Governor Dinwiddie, the then colonial governor of Virginia, with a letter to the French commander on the western waters, remonstrating against his encroachments upon the territory of Virginia. This letter of remonstrance was disregarded by the Frenchman, and very soon afterwards the war commonly called "Braddock's War," between the British government and France commenced. In the year 1754, the government of Virginia raised an armed force with the intention of dislodging the French from their fortified places within the limits of the colony. The command of this army was given to Col. Fry, and George Washington was appointed lieutenant-colonel under him. Their little army amounted to three hundred men. "Washington advanced at the head of two companies of this regiment, early in April, to the Great Meadows, where he was informed by some friendly Indians, that the French were erecting fortifications in the forks between the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, and also that a detachment was on its march from that place towards the Great Meadows. War had not been formally declared between France and England, but as neither was disposed to recede from their claims to the lands on the Ohio, it was deemed inevitable, and on the point of commencing. Several circumstances were supposed to indicate a hostile intention on the part of the French detachment. Washington, under the guidance of some friendly Indians, on a dark rainy night surprised their encampment, and firing once, rushed in and surrounded them. The commander, Dumonville, was killed, with eight or nine others; one escaped, and all the rest immediately surrendered. Soon after this affair, Col. Fry died, and the command of the regiment devolved on Washington, who speedily collected the whole at the Great Meadows. Two independent companies of regulars, one from South Carolina, soon after arrived at the same place. Col. Washington was now at the head of nearly four hundred men. A stockade, afterwards called Fort Necessity, was erected at the Great Meadows, in which a small force was left, and the main body advanced with a view to

dislodging the French from Fort Duquesne,* which they had recently erected at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers. They had not proceeded more than thirteen miles when they were informed by friendly Indians that the French, as numerous as pigeons in the woods, were advancing in an hostile manner towards the English settlements, and also that Fort Duquesne had been strongly reinforced. In this critical situation, a council of war unanimously recommended a retreat to the Great Meadows, which was effected without delay, and every exertion made to render Fort Necessity impregnable. Before the works intended for that purpose were completed, Mons. de Villiers, with a considerable force, attacked the fort. The assailants were covered by trees and high grass.† The Americans received them with great resolution, and fought some within the stockade, and others in the surrounding ditch. Washington continued the whole day on the outside of the fort, and conducted the defense with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. The engagement lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning till night, when the French commander demanded a parley and offered terms of capitulation. His first and second proposals were rejected, and Washington would accept of none but the following honorable ones, which were mutually agreed upon in the course of the night: The fort to be surrendered on condition that the garrison should march out with the honors of war, and be permitted to retain their arms and baggage, and to march unmolested into the inhabited parts of Virginia.‡

In 1755 the British government sent Gen. Braddock, at the head of two regiments, to this country. Col. Washington had previously resigned the command of the Virginia troops. Braddock invited him to join the service as one of the volunteer aids, which invitation he readily accepted, and joined Braddock near Alexandria.§ The army moved on for the west, and in their march out erected Fort Cumberland.** The circumstances attending the unfortunate defeat of Braddock, and the dreadful slaughter of his army near Pittsburg are too generally known to require a detailed account in this work; suffice it to say that the defeat was attended with the most disastrous consequence to our country. The whole western frontier was left exposed to the ravages of the forces of the French and Indians combined.

After the defeat and fall of Braddock, Col. Dunbar, the next in

*Fort Duquesne, so called in honor of the French commander, was, after it fell into the hands of the English, called Fort Pitt, and is now Pittsburgh.

†It is remarkable that the grass here spoken of by Dr. Bussy was of the growth of the preceding year. It is not probable that the grass, the growth of the year 1754, is early in the season, and grown of sufficient height to conceal a man.

Bussy's Life of Washington.

‡Then called Bellahoun.

**Fort Cumberland was built in the year 1755, in the fork between Wills Creek and North Branch of the Potowmack, the remains of which are yet to be seen. It is about thirteen miles northeast of Westminster, on the Maryland side of the Potowmack. There is now a considerable town at this place. The garrison left it when it was commanded by Maj. Hartington. Mr. John Treadwell gave the author this information. On the original site of the fort, there are several dwelling houses, and a new brick Episcopal church.

command of the British army, retreated to Philadelphia, and the defense of the country fell upon Washington, with the few troops the colonies were able to raise. The people forthwith erected stockade forts in every part of the Valley, and took shelter in them. Many families were driven off, some east of the Blue Ridge, and others into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Immediately after the defeat of Braddock, Washington retreated to Winchester in the county of Frederick, and in the autumn of 1755 built Fort Loudoun.* The venerable and highly respectable Lewis Neill, who was born on Opequon, about five miles east of Winchester, in 1747, stated to the author, that when he was about eight years of age, his father had business at the fort, and that he went with him into it. Mr. Thomas Barrett, another aged and respectable citizen states, that he has often heard his father say that Fort Loudoun was built the same year and immediately after Braddock's defeat. Our highly respectable and venerable general, John Smith, who settled in Winchester in 1773, informed the author that he had seen and conversed with some of Washington's officers soon after he settled in Winchester, and they stated to him that Washington marked out the site of the fort, and superintended the work; that he bought a lot in Winchester, erected a smith's shop on it, and brought from Mount Vernon his own blacksmith to make the necessary iron-work for the fort. These officers pointed out to Gen. Smith the spot where Gen. Washington's huts or cabins were erected for his residence while in the fort. The great highway leading from Winchester to the north passes through the fort precisely where Washington's quarters were erected. It stands at the north end of Loudoun street, and a considerable part of the walls are now remaining. It covered an area of about half an acre, within which area, a well, one hundred and three feet deep, chiefly through a solid limestone rock, was sunk for the convenience of the garrison.† The labor of throwing up this fort was performed by Washington's regiment, so says Gen. Smith. It mounted six eighteen-pounders, six twelve-pounders, six six-pounders, four swivels, and two howitzers, and contained a strong garrison.‡ No formidable attempts were ever made by the enemy against it. A French officer once came to

* Fourth Edition Note.—The fort was begun in 1754 and never quite completed. Nothing of it may now be seen except the bastion at the rear of the Fort Loudoun Cemetery. The well is still in use. The overflowing is because the source of supply is from still higher ground; probably the slope of Little North Mountain.

† The water in this well rises near the surface, and in great floods of rain has been known to overflow and discharge a considerable stream of water. The site of the fort is upon more elevated ground than the head of any springs in the neighborhood. Upon what principle the water should have risen above the surface the author cannot pretend to explain.

‡ Gen. John Smith stated this fact to the author. The cannons were removed from Winchester early in the War of the Revolution. Some further account of this artillery will be given in a future chapter. Mr. Henry W. Baker, of Winchester, gave the author an account of the number of cannon mounted on the fort.

§ Fourth Edition Note.—One of the cannons, at least, was not removed, and was used in firing salutes on special occasions.

reconnoiter, and found it too strong to be attacked with any probability of success.*

For three years after the defeat of Braddock, the French and Indians combined carried on a most destructive and cruel war upon the western people. The French, however, in about three years after Braddock's defeat, abandoned Fort Duquesne, and it was immediately taken possession of by the British and Colonial troops under the command of Gen. Forbes. Washington soon after resigned the command of the Virginia forces, and retired to private life. A predatory warfare was nevertheless continued on the people of the Valley by hostile Indian tribes for several years after the French had been driven from their strongholds in the west, the particulars of which will form the subject of my next chapter.

*William L. Clark, Esq., is now the owner of the land including this ancient fortification, and has converted a part of it into a beautiful pleasure garden.

CHAPTER VII

INDIAN INCURSIONS AND MASSACRES

After the defeat of Braddock, the whole western frontier was left exposed to the incursions of the Indians and French. In the spring of the year 1756, a party of about fifty Indians, with a French captain at their head, crossed the Alleghany Mountains, committing on the white settlers every act of harbarous war. Capt. Jeremiah Smith raised a party of twenty brave men, marched to meet this savage foe, and fell in with them at the head of Capon River, where a fierce and bloody battle was fought. Smith killed the captain with his own hand; five other Indians having fallen, and a number wounded, they gave way and fled. Smith lost two of his men. On searching the body of the Frenchman, he was found in possession of his commission and written instructions to meet another party of about fifty Indians at Fort Frederick,* to attack the fort, destroy it, and blow up the magazine.

The other party of Indians were encountered pretty low down the North Branch of the Capon River, by Capt. Joshua Lewis, at the head of eighteen men; one Indian was killed when the others broke and ran off. Previous to the defeat of this party they had committed considerable destruction of the property of the white settlers, and took a Mrs. Horner and a girl about thirteen years of age prisoners. Mrs. Horner was the mother of seven or eight children; she never got back to her family. The girl, whose name was Sarah Gibbons, the sister of my informant,† was a prisoner about eight or nine years before she returned home. The intention of attacking Fort Frederick was of course abandoned.

Those Indians dispersed into small parties, and carried the work of death and desolation into several neighborhoods, in the counties, now Berkeley, Frederick, and Shenandoah. About eighteen or twenty of them crossed the North Mountain at Mills Gap, which is in the county of Berkeley, killed a man by the name of Kelly, and several of his family, within a few steps of the present dwelling house of the late Mr. William Wilson, not more than half a mile from Gerardsburg, and from thence passed on to the neighborhood of the present site of Martinsburg, the neighboring people generally

*Fort Frederick was commenced in the year 1755, under the direction of George Sharpe, of Maryland, and was probably finished in 1756. It is still standing on the Maryland side of the Cacapon River. Its walls are entirely of stone, four and a half feet thick at the base, and three at the top; they are at least twenty feet high, and have undergone but little dilapidation. Dr. John Hedges and his son, Capt. John C. Hedges, aided the author in the examination of this place, and measuring its area, height and thickness of the walls. Its location is not more than twelve miles from Martinsburg, in Virginia, and about the same distance from Williamsport in Maryland. It occupies an area of about one and a half acres, exclusive of the bastions or redoubts. It is said the erection of this fort cost about sixty-five thousand pounds sterling.

†Mr. Jacob Gibbons was born the 18th of September, 1745. Since the author saw him, he has departed this life—as honest, good old man.

taking shelter in John Evans' fort.* A small party of the Indians attacked the dwelling house of a Mr. Evans, brother of the owner of the fort; but being beaten off, they went in pursuit of reinforcements. In their absence Mr. Evans and his family got safe to the fort. The Indians returned and set fire to the house, the ruins of which are now to be seen from the great road leading to Winchester, three miles south of Martinsburg, at the head of what is called the Big Spring.

The same Indians took a female prisoner on the same day at John Strode's house. A boy by the name of Hackney, who was on his way to the fort, saw her previously, and advised her not to go to the house, saying that Strode's family were all gone to the fort, and that he suspected the Indians were then in the house. She, however, seeing smoke at the house, disregarded the advice of the little boy, went to it, was seized by the Indians, taken off, and was about three years a prisoner, but finally got home. The boy went to the fort and told what had happened, but the men had all turned out to bury Kelly and go in pursuit of the Indians, leaving nobody to defend the fort but the women and children. Mrs. Evans armed herself, and called on all the women who had firmness enough to arm, to join her, and such as were too timid she ordered to run bullets. She then made a boy beat to arms on a drum; on hearing which the Indians became alarmed, set fire to Strode's house,† and moved off. They discovered the party of white men just mentioned, and fired upon them, but did no injury. The latter finding the Indians too strong for them, retreated into the fort.‡

From thence the Indians passed on to Opequon, and the next morning attacked Neally's fort, massacred most of the people, and took off several prisoners; among them George Stockton and Isabella, his sister. Charles Porterfield, a youth about 20 years of age, heard the firing from his father's residence, about one mile from the fort, armed himself and set off with all speed to the fort, but on his way was killed.§

Among the prisoners, were a man by the name of Cohoon, his wife, and some of his children. Mrs. Cohoon was in a state of pregnancy, and not being able to travel fast enough to please her savage captors, they forced her husband forward, while crossing the North Mountain, and cruelly murdered her; her husband distinctly heard her screams. Cohoon, however, that night made his escape, and got safely back to his friends. George Stockton, and his sister, Isabella, who were also among the prisoners, were taken to the Indian

*Evans' fort was erected within about two miles of Martinsburg, a stockade. The land is now owned by —— Evans, Esq.

†The present residence of the widow Shownalter, three miles from Martinsburg.

‡Mr. Joseph Blackney, Frederick county, states these facts to the author. The Mr. Strode, mentioned above, grew up, married, was a Quaker by profession, and the father of my informant.

§George Porterfield, Esq., now residing in the county of Berkeley, is a brother to the youth who was killed, and related to the author the particulars of this unhappy occurrence. Capt. Glenn also stated several of the circumstances to the author.

towns. Isabella was eight or nine years of age, and her story is as remarkable as it is interesting. She was detained and grew up among the savages. Being a beautiful and interesting girl, they sold her to a Canadian in Canada, where a young Frenchman, named Flatz, soon became acquainted with her, and made her a tender of his hand in matrimony.* This she declined unless her parents' consent could be obtained; a strong proof of her filial affection and good sense. The Frenchman immediately proposed to conduct her home, readily believing that his generous devotion and great attentions to the daughter would lay the parents under such high obligations to him that they would willingly consent to the union. But such were the strong prejudices existing at the time against everything French, that her parents and friends peremptorily objected. The Frenchman then prevailed on Isabella to elope with him, to effect which she secured two of her father's horses and pushed off. They were, however, pursued by two of her brothers, overtaken at Hunterstown, Pennsylvania, and Isabella forcibly torn from her protector and devoted lover, and brought back to her parents, while the poor Frenchman was warned that if he ever made any further attempt to take her off, his life should pay the forfeit. This story is familiar to several aged and respectable individuals in the neighborhood of Martinsburg. Isabella afterward married a man by the name of McClary, removed and settled in the neighborhood of Morgantown, and grew wealthy. George, after an absence of three years, got home also.

A party of fourteen Indians, believed to be a part of those defeated by Capt. Smith, on their return to the west killed a young woman, and took a Mrs. Neff prisoner. This was on the South Fork of the river Wappatomaka. They cut off Mrs. Neff's petticoat up to her knees, and gave her a pair of moccasins to wear on her feet. This was done to facilitate her traveling; but they proceeded no further than the vicinity of Fort Pleasant,† where on the second night, they left Mrs. Neff in the custody of an old Indian, and divided themselves into two parties, in order to watch the fort. At a late hour in the night, Mrs. Neff discovering that her guard was pretty soundly asleep, ran off. The old fellow very soon awoke, fired off his gun, and raised a yell. Mrs. Neff ran between the two parties of Indians, got safely into Fort Pleasant, and gave notice where the Indians were encamped. A small party of men, the same evening came from another small fort a few miles above, and joined their friends in Fort Pleasant. The Indians, after the escape of Mrs. Neff, had collected into one body in a deep glen, near the fort. Early the next morning, sixteen men, well mounted and armed, left the fort with a view to attack the Indians. They soon discovered their en-

* Mr. Mayers, of Rockdale county, gave the author the name of this young French woman.

† Fort Pleasant was a strong stockade with block houses, erected on the land now owned by Isaac Vanvoord, Esq., on the South Branch of the Potowmack, a short distance above what is called The Trough.

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campment. The whites divided themselves into two parties, intending to inclose the Indians between two fires; but unfortunately a small dog which had followed them, starting a rabbit, his yelling alarmed the Indians, upon which they cautiously moved off, passed between the two parties of white men unobserved, took a position between them and their horses, and opened a most destructive fire. The whites returned the fire with great firmness and bravery, and a desperate and bloody conflict ensued. Seven of the whites fell dead, and four were wounded. The little remnant retreated to the fort, whither the wounded arrived. Three Indians fell in this battle, and several were wounded. The victors secured the white men's horses, and took them off.*

Just before the above action commenced, Mr. Vanmeter, an old man, mounted his horse, rode to a high ridge, and witnessed the battle. He returned with all speed to the fort, and gave notice of the defeat. The old man was killed by the Indians in 1757.

After committing to writing the foregoing account, the author received from his friend Dr. Charles A. Turley, of Fort Pleasant, a more particular narrative of the battle, which the author will subjoin in the doctor's own words:

"The memorable battle of The Trough (says Dr. Turley) was preceded by the following circumstances. On the day previous, two Indian strollers, from a large party of sixty or seventy warriors, under the well known and ferocious chief, Kill-buck, made an attack upon the dwelling of a Mrs. Brake, on the South Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac, about fifteen miles above Moorefield, and took Mrs. Brake and a Mrs. Neff prisoners. The former not being able to travel from her situation, was tomahawked and scalped, and the latter brought down to the vicinity of Town Fort, about one and a half miles below Moorefield. There, one of the Indians, under the pretense of hunting, retired, and the other laid himself down and pretended to fall asleep, with a view, as was believed, to let Mrs. Neff escape to the fort and give the alarm. Everything turned out agreeably to their expectations; for as soon as she reached the fort, and related the circumstances of her escape, eighteen men from that and Buttermilk Fort, five miles above, went in pursuit. They were men notorious for their valor, and had been well tried on many such occasions.

"As soon as they came to the place indicated by Mrs. Neff, they found a plain trace left by the Indians, by occasionally breaking a bush. Mr. John Harness, who was well acquainted with the manners and modes of warfare of the Indians, pronounced that the braver Indian had not returned to his comrade, or that they were in great force somewhere near and in ambush. They, however, pursued

* This battle is called the "Battle of The Trough." Masters, Vanmeter, McNeill and others, dedicated the participants to the author. A black horse, with part white, is now standing in Mr. D. McNeill's yard, part of an old fort erected at the time of Shawnee's War, the legs of which are principally sound.

the trace, without discovering any signs of a larger party, until they arrived between two mountains, forming what from its resemblance is called The Trough. Here, directly above a fine spring, about two hundred paces from the river, which at that time was filled to an impassable stage by a heavy fall of rain, these grim monsters of blood were encamped, to the number above stated. The western face of the ridge was very precipitous and rough, and on the neck of the spring was a deep ravine, cutting directly up into the ridge above. Our little band of heroes, nothing daunted by the superior number of the enemy, dismounted unobserved, and prepared for battle, leaving their horses on the ridge. But by one of those unforeseen and almost unaccountable accidents which often thwart the seemingly best planned enterprises, a small dog which had followed them, just at this juncture started a rabbit, and went yelping down the ridge, giving the Indians timely notice of their approach. They immediately flew to arms, and filing off up the ravine before described, passed directly into the rear of our little band, placing them in the very situation they had hoped to find their enemies, between the mountain and the swollen river. Now came the 'tug of war,' and both parties rushed to the onset, dealing death and slaughter at every fire. After an hour or two of hard fighting, during which each of our little band had numbered his man, and more than half their number had fallen to rise no more, those that remained were compelled to retreat, which could only be effected by swimming the river. Some who had been wounded, not being able to do this, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and deliberately loading their rifles, and placing themselves behind some cover on the river bank, dealt certain death to the first adversary who made his appearance, and then calmly yielded to the tomahawk.

"We cannot here pass over without mentioning one of the many despotic acts exercised by the then Colonial government and its officers towards the unoffending colonists. At the time of which we are speaking, there were quartered in Fort Pleasant, about one and a half miles above the battle ground, and within hearing of every gun, a company of regulars, commanded by a British officer named Wagner, who not only refused to march a man out of the fort, but, when the inhabitants seized their rifles and determined to rush to the aid of their brothers, ordered the gates to be closed, and suffered none to pass in or out. By marching to the western bank of the river, he might have effectually protected those who were wounded, without any danger of an attack from the enemy. And when the few who had escaped the slaughter, hailed and demanded admission into the fort, it was denied them. For this act of Capt. Wagner's the survivors of one Spartan band called him a coward, for which insult he thought it his duty to hunt them down like wolves, and when caught, to inflict corporal punishment by stripes.

"The Indian Chief, Kill-buck, afterwards admitted that, although he had witnessed many sanguinary contests, this was the most so be-

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had ever experienced for the number of his enemies. Kill-buck was a Shawnee, a savage of strong mental powers, and well acquainted with all the families in the settlement before the war broke out. Col. Vincent Williams, whose father was inhumanly murdered by Kill-buck and his party on Patterson's Creek, became personally acquainted with him many years afterwards, and took the trouble, when once in the state of Ohio, to visit him. He was far advanced in years, and had become blind. The Colonel informed me that as soon as he told Kill-buck his name, the only answer he made was, 'Your father was a brave warrior.' The half brother of Col. Williams, Mr. Benjamin Casey, was with him. Mr. Peter Casey had once hired Kill-buck to catch and bring home a runaway negro, and was to have given him fourteen shillings. He paid him six shillings, and the war breaking out, he never paid the other eight. At the visit spoken of, Kill-buck inquired the name of his other visitor, and when the Colonel told him it was Benjamin Casey—'What, Peter Casey's son?' 'Yes.' 'Your father owes me eight shillings; will you pay it?' said the old chief. The Colonel at that time got all the particulars of the tragic death of his father, as well as the great heroism manifested by our little band at the battle of The Trough."

Dr. Turley refers in the foregoing narrative to the murder of Mr. Williams, on Patterson's Creek. This melancholy tragedy the author is enabled to give, as it was related to him by Mr. James S. Miles, of Hardy.

Mr. Williams lived on Patterson's Creek, on the farm now occupied by his grandson, Mr. James Williams. Hearing of the approach of the Indians, he repaired with his neighbors to Fort Pleasant (nine miles) for security. After remaining here a few days, supposing their houses might be revisited with safety, Mr. Williams with seven others crossed the mountain for that purpose. They separated on reaching the creek; and Mr. Williams went alone to his farm. Having tied his horse to a bush, he commenced salting his cattle, when seven Indians (as was afterwards said by Kill-buck) got between him and his horse, and demanded his surrender. Mr. Williams answered by a ball from his rifle, which killed one of the Indians, then retreated to his house, barricaded the door, and put his enemy at defiance. They fired at him at random through the door and windows until the latter were filled with shot-holes. For greater security, Mr. Williams got behind a hominy block in a corner, from which he would fire at his assailants through the cracks of the building, as opportunity offered. In this way he killed five of the seven. The remaining two, resolved not to give up their prey, found it necessary to proceed more cautiously; and going to the least exposed side of the house, one was raised upon the shoulders of the other to an opening in the log some distance above the level of Mr. Williams, who did not, consequently, observe the manoeuvre, from which he fired, and shot Mr. Williams dead. The body was instantly quartered, and hung to the four corners of the building, and the head stuck

upon a fence stake in front of the door. This brave man was the father of the venerable Edward Williams, the clerk of Hardy county court, until the election of 1830, under the new constitution, when his advanced age compelled him to decline being a candidate.

Sometime after the battle of The Trough, at a fort seven miles above Romney, two Indian boys made their appearance, when some of the men went out with the intention of taking them. A grown Indian made his appearance, but was instantly shot down by Shadrach Wright. A numerous party then showed themselves, which the garrison sallied out and attacked, but they were defeated with the loss of several of their men, and compelled to retreat to the fort.*

Kill-huck, the chief before mentioned, used frequently to command these marauding parties. Previous to the breaking out of the war, he was well acquainted with many of the white settlers on the Wappatomaka, and lived a good part of his time among them. His intimate acquaintance with the country enabled him to lead his band of murderers from place to place, and commit many outrages on the persons and property of the white inhabitants. In the progress of this work, some further notice will be taken of this distinguished warrior. There was another great Indian warrior called "Crane," but the author has not been able to collect any particular traditional accounts of the feats performed by him.

In the year 1757, a numerous body of Indians crossed the Alleghany, and, as usual, divided themselves into small parties, and hovering about the different forts, committed many acts of murder and destruction of property. About thirty or forty approached Edward's Fort,† on Capon River, killed two men at a small mill, took off a parcel of corn meal, and retreating along a path that led between a stream of water and a steep high mountain, they strewed the meal in several places on their route. Immediately between this path and the stream is an abrupt bank, seven or eight feet high, and of considerable length, under which the Indians concealed themselves, and awaited the approach of the garrison. Forty men under the command of Capt. Mercer sallied out with the intention of pursuing and attacking the enemy. But oh, fatal day! Mercer's party, discovering the trail of meal, supposed the Indians were making a speedy retreat, and, unapprised of their strength, moved on at a brisk step, until the whole line was drawn immediately over the line of Indians under the bank, when the latter discharged a most destructive fire upon them, sixteen falling dead at the first fire. The others attempting to save themselves by flight, were pursued and slaughtered in every direction, until, out of the forty, but six got back to the fort. One poor fellow, who ran up the side of the mountain, was fired at by an Indian, the ball penetrating just above his heel, ranging up his

* Mr. James Parsons, near Romney, Hampshire county, gave the author this information.

† Edward's Fort was located on the west side of Capon River, not more than three quarters of a mile above, where the stage road from Winchester to Romney crosses the river.

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leg, shivering the bones, and lodging a little below his knee; he slipped under the lap of a fallen tree, there he hid himself, and lay in that deplorable situation for two days and nights before he was found by his friends, it being that length of time before the people at the fort would venture out to collect and bury the dead. This wounded man recovered, and lived many years after, though he always was a cripple from his wound. Capt. George Smith, who now resides on Back Creek, informed the author that he was well acquainted with him.

Some time afterwards, the Indians, in much greater force, and aided, it was believed, by several Frenchmen in person, determined to carry this fort by storm. The garrison had been considerably reinforced; among others, by the late Gen. Daniel Morgan, then a young man. The Indians made the assault with great boldness; but on this occasion they met with a sad reverse of fortune. The garrison sallied out, and a desperate battle ensued. The assailants were defeated with great slaughter, while the whites lost comparatively few men.

The remains of a gun of high finish, ornamented with silver mounting and gold touch-hole, were plowed up near the battleground about forty years ago. It was supposed to have belonged to a French officer. Part of a bomb shell was also found. Morgan in this action performed his part with his unusual intrepidity, caution, and firmness, and doubtless did much execution.*

Other parties of Indians penetrated into the neighborhood of Winchester, and killed several people about Round Hill; among others a man by the name of Flaugherty, with his wife. Several inmates of a family by the name of McCracken, on Back Creek, about twelve miles from Winchester, were killed, and two of the daughters taken off as prisoners. They, however, got back, after an absence of three or four years. Mr. Lewis Neill informed the author that he saw and conversed with these women on the subject of their captivity after their return home. Jacob Havely and several of his family were killed near the present residence of Moses Russell, Esq., at the eastern base of the North Mountain, fifteen or sixteen miles southwest of Winchester. Dispennet, and several of his family, and Vance and his wife,† were also severely killed by the same party of Indians, in the same neighborhood.

The late respectable and intelligent Mrs. Rebecca Brinker, who was born the 25th of March, 1745, and who of course was upwards of ten years old when Braddock was defeated, related many interesting occurrences to the author; among others, that a family of

* Mr. William Carlile, now thirty-five years of age, and who resides near the battle ground, informed the author that he removed and settled on Capon soon after the battle was fought. He also said that he had frequently heard it asserted that Morgan was in the battle, and acted with great bravery, &c. Mr. Charles Carlile, son of this venerable man, stated the fact of the gun and part of a bomb shell being found.

† Moses Russell, Esq., is under the impression that these people were killed in the summer or fall of the year, 1756. The author finds it impossible to fix the date of the various acts of war committed by the savages. After the most diligent inquiry, he has not been able to find any person who committed to writing anything upon the subject at the time the several occurrences took place.

eighteen persons, by the name of Nicholls, who resided at the residence of Mr. Stone, a little west of Maj. Isaac Hite's, were attacked, the greater number killed, and several taken off as prisoners; one old woman and her grandchild made their escape to a fort a short distance from Middletown. This took place about 1756 or 1757, and it is probably by the same party who killed Hawley and others.

In the year 1758, a party of about fifty Indians and four Frenchmen penetrated into the neighborhood of Mill Creek, now in the county of Shenandoah, about nine miles south of Woodstock. This was a pretty thickly settled neighborhood; and among other houses, George Painter had erected a large log one, with a good sized cellar. On the alarm being given, the neighboring people took refuge in this house. Late in the afternoon they were attacked. Mr. Painter, attempting to fly, had three balls shot through his body, and fell dead, when the others surrendered. The Indians dragged the dead body back to the house, threw it in, plundered the house of what they chose, and then set fire to it. While the house was in flames, assuming the body of Mr. Painter, they forced from the arms of their mothers four infant children, hung them up in trees, shot them in savage sport, and left them hanging. They then set fire to a stable in which were enclosed a parcel of sheep and calves, thus cruelly and wantonly torturing to death the innocent dumb animals. After these atrocities they moved off with forty-eight prisoners; among whom were Mrs. Painter, five of her daughters, and one of her sons; and a Mrs. Smith, and several of her children; a Mr. Fisher and several of his children, among them a lad of twelve or thirteen years old, a fine well grown boy, and remarkably fleshy. This little fellow, it will presently be seen, was destined to be the victim of savage cruelty.

Two of Painter's sons, and a young man by the name of Jack Myers escaped being captured by concealment. One of the Painters with Myers, ran over that night to Powell's Fort, a distance of at least fifteen miles, and to Keller's Fort, in quest of aid. They had neither hat nor shoes, nor any other clothing than a shirt and trousers each. A small party of men set out early the next morning, well mounted and armed, to avenge the outrage. They reached Mr. Painter's early in the day; but on learning their strength (from the other young Painter, who had remained concealed all that evening and night, and by that means was able to count the number of the enemy), they declined pursuit, being too weak in numbers to venture further. Thus this savage band got off with their prisoners and booty, without any pursuit or interruption.

After six days' travel they reached their villages, west of the Alleghany Mountains, where they held a council, and determined to sacrifice their helpless prisoner, Jacob Fisher. They first ordered him to collect a quantity of dry wood. The poor little fellow shuddered, burst into tears, and told his father they intended to turn him. His father replied, "I hope not;" and advised him to obey.

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When he had collected a sufficient quantity of wood to answer their purpose, they cleared and smoothed a ring, around a sapling, to which they tied him by one hand, then formed a trail of wood around the tree and set it on fire. The poor boy was then compelled to run round in this ring of fire until his rope wound him up to the sapling, and then back until he came in contact with the flame, whilst his infernal tormentors were drinking, singing and dancing around him with "horrid joy." This was continued for several hours, during which time the savage men became beastly drunk; and as they fell prostrate to the ground, the squaws would keep up the fire. With long sharp poles, prepared for the purpose, they would pierce the body of their victim whenever he flagged, until the poor and helpless boy fell and expired with the most excruciating torments, whilst his father and brothers were compelled to be witnesses of the heart-rending tragedy.

After an absence of about three years, Mrs. Painter, with her son and two of her daughters; Mrs. Smith, who had the honor, if it could be so deemed, of presenting her husband with an Indian son,* by a distinguished war chief; Fisher and his remaining sons, and several other prisoners returned home. Three of Mrs. Painter's daughters remained with the Indians. Mary, the youngest, was about nine years old when taken, and was eighteen years a prisoner; two of the daughters never returned. A man by the name of Michael Copple, who had himself been a prisoner about two years with the Indians, had learned their language, became an Indian trader and traveled much among them, at length found Mary Painter with a wandering party of Cherokees. In conversing with her, he discovered who she was—that he was acquainted with her family connections, and proposed to her to accompany him home, to which she refused her assent. He then said that her brothers had removed to Point Pleasant, and were desirous of seeing her; upon which she consented to accompany him that far to see her brothers; but finding, on arriving at the Point, that he had deceived her, she manifested much dissatisfaction, and attempted to go back to the Indians. Copple, however, after much entreaty, and promising to make her his wife, prevailed upon her to return home. He performed his promise of marriage, lived several years on Painter's land, and raised a family of children. Mary had lost her mother tongue, learned a little English afterwards, but always conversed with her husband in the Indian language.† They finally removed to the West.

*Smith received his wife and never maltreated her on this account; but he had a short time previous to the young chief. The boy grew up to manhood, and exhibited the impudence and disposition of his sire. Attempts were made to educate him, but without success. He enlisted into the army of the Revolution as a common soldier, and never returned.

†The author desires a particular history of this woman necessary, because it is one among many instances of young white children, when taken prisoners, becoming attached to a savage life, and leaving it with great reluctance. Mr. George Painter, an expert and respected citizen of Rhea County, who resides on the spot where this bloody tragedy was acted, and is a grandson of the man who was murdered and buried, dictated these particulars to the author.

The garrison at Fort Cumberland was frequently annoyed by the Indians. There are two high knobs of the mountain, one on the Virginia side of the Cohongoronton on the south, the other on the Maryland side on the northeast, within a short distance of the fort. The Indians frequently took possession of these heights, and fired into the fort. Although they seldom did any injury in this way, yet it was disagreeable and attended with some danger. On a particular occasion a large party of Indians had taken possession of the knob on the Maryland side, and fired into the fort. A captain (the author regrets that he was not able to learn his name), and seventy-five brave fellows on a very dark night, volunteered to dislodge the enemy. They sallied out from the fort, surrounded the knob, and cautiously ascended until they were within reach of the foe, waited for daybreak to make the attack. Light appearing, they opened a tremendous fire, which threw the Indians into utter confusion, rendering them powerless for defense, while the whites continued from all sides to pour in volley after volley, spreading death and carnage. But few of the Indians escaped. The knob is called "Bloody Hill" to this day. This tradition the author received from several individuals in Cumberland; indeed, the story appears to be familiar with every aged individual in the neighborhood.

Shortly after this occurrence, Kill-buck attempted to take Fort Cumberland by stratagem. He approached it at the head of a large force of warriors; and under the guise of friendship, pretended to wish an amicable intercourse with the garrison, proposed to Maj. Livingston to admit himself and warriors. Some hints having been given to the commander to be upon his guard, Livingston seemingly consented to the proposal; but no sooner had Kill-buck and his chief officers entered than the gates were closed upon them. The wily chief being thus entrapped, was roundly charged with his intended treachery, of which the circumstances were too self-evident to be denied. Livingston, however, inflicted no other punishment upon his captives than a mark of humiliating disgrace, which to an Indian warrior was more mortifying than death. This stigma was, it is supposed, dressing them in petticoats and driving them out of the fort.*

It has already been stated, that, previous to the breaking out of the war, Kill-buck lived a good part of his time among the white settlers in the neighborhood of Fort Pleasant. An Irish servant, belonging to Peter Casey, absconded, and Casey offered a pistol reward for his recovery. Kill-buck apprehended the servant, and delivered him to his master; but from some cause or other, Casey refused to pay the reward. A quarrel ensued, and Casey knocked Kill-buck down with his cane. When the war broke out, Kill-buck

*The venerable John Tomlinson related this affair to the author. Mr. Tomlinson does not recollect the particular mark of disgrace inflicted on these Indians. The Rev. Mr. Steele, of Hampshire, represented this as the most probable.

1 The pistol is a piece of gold, equal to three dollars and seventy-five cents in value.

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sought every opportunity to kill Casey, but never could succeed. Many years afterward, Casey's son obtained a lieutenancy, and was ordered to Wheeling, where Kill-buck then being, young Casey requested some of his friends to introduce him to him. When Kill-buck heard his name, he paused for a moment, and repeating, "Casey! Casey!" inquired of the young man whether he knew Peter Casey. The Lieutenant replied, "Yes, he is my father." Kill-buck immediately exclaimed, "Bad man, bad man, he once knocked me down with his cane." On the young man's proposing to make up the breach, the old chief replied, "Will you pay me the pistole?" Young Casey refused to do this, but proposed to treat with a quart of rum, to which the old warrior assented, saying, "Peter Casey old man—Kill-buck old man;" and then stated that he had frequently watched for an opportunity to kill him, "but he was too lazy—would not come out of the fort; Kill-buck now friends with him, and bury the tomahawk."* This Indian chief, it is said was living about fourteen years ago, and had become blind from his great age, being little under, and probably over, one hundred years.

* This anecdote is related somewhat differently by Dr. Turley, page 77 of this work.

CHAPTER X

DUNMORE'S WAR WITH THE INDIANS

In the year 1773, the Indians killed two white men on the Hockhocking River, to-wit, John Martin and Guy Meeks (Indian traders), and robbed them of about 300 pounds worth of goods. About the 1st of May, 1774, they killed two other men in a canoe on the Ohio River, and robbed the canoe of its contents.* There were other similar occurrences, which left no doubt upon the minds of the western people that the savages had determined to make war upon them; and of course acts of retaliation were resorted to on the part of the whites.†

The late Col. Angus McDonald, near Winchester, and several other individuals, went out in the spring of 1774, to survey the military bounty lands, lying on the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, allowed by the King's proclamation to the officers and soldiers of the army, for their services in a preceding war with the Indians, but were driven off.

Col. McDonald forthwith waited on Gov. Dunmore in person, and gave him an account of the hostile disposition of the Indians. The governor authorized him to raise a regiment of four hundred men, and immediately proceed to punish the enemy. He soon succeeded in raising his little army and in the month of June marched into the Indian country, destroyed several of their villages, cut off their corn, and returned. He had two or three running fights with the Indians, but there was little blood shed on either side.

This act of war produced a general combination of the various nations northwest of the Ohio; and hence arose the necessity of speedily raising a powerful army to save the western people from being entirely cut off, or driven from their habitations.

Lord Dunmore issued his order to Col. A. Lewis, of Augusta county, to raise a body of one thousand men, and immediately proceed to the Ohio River, where he (Dunmore) would join him with an equal number, to be raised in the northern counties of Virginia. Dunmore very soon raised the requisite number of men, principally volunteers from the counties of Berkeley, Hampshire, Frederick and Shenandoah.‡ Capt. Daniel Cress went to South Carolina, and brought in one hundred and twenty Catawba Indian warriors at his own expense and responsibility, which he intended employing against the western enemy. He soon after marched at the head of this band of warriors, with the addition of sixteen white volunteers, with the design of breaking up and destroying the Moravian Indian towns on

*Mr. Jacob's *Life of George.*

† *Fourth Edition Note.*—Kesherel tries to throw the blame for the Dunmore war wholly on the Indians. The attitude of the latter was not faultless, yet it is now known that the predominant was mainly on the side of the whites.

‡ General John Lynch.

Cheat River." These people professed Christianity and neutrality in the war then going on between the red and white people. But they were charged by the white people with secretly aiding and abetting the hostile Indians; hence Cresap's determination to break up their settlements and drive them off. In crossing the Alleghany seven Indians under the guise of friendship, fell in with Cresap's party and in the most treacherous manner contrived to kill seven of the white volunteers, and then fled. They were instantly pursued by the Catawbas, and two of them taken prisoners and delivered up to Cresap, who, after reproaching them with their base treachery, discharged them, and retreated into the settlement with his Indians and remaining white volunteers. The Catawba Indians soon after left Cresap and returned to their nation. The late Generals, Daniel Morgan and James Wood, were captains in Dunmore's campaign, each of whom had served under McDonald as captains the preceding spring.†

For further particulars of this war, the author will give copious extracts from Mr. Doddridge's "Notes on the Wars West of the Alleghany," and from Mr. Jacob's "Life of Cresap." These two authors have detailed the causes which led to this disastrous and destructive war, and are directly at issue on some of the most important particulars. In this controversy the author of this work will not partake so far as to express an opinion which of these two divines have truth on their side; but he considers it is his duty, as an impartial and faithful historian, to give both these reverend gentlemen's accounts, at full length, of the original cause and consequences of this war.

It appears, however evident, that the late Capt. Michael Cresap has had injustice done to his character, both by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Doddridge. Mr. Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," charges Cresap with being "infamous for his many Indian murders and murdering Logan's family in cold blood." Mr. Doddridge repeats the charge of the murder of Logan's family, and adds the further charge "that Cresap was the cause of Dunmore's war." How far these charges are refuted by Mr. Jacob, an impartial world will determine.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Jacob's vindication of the character of his friend Cresap cannot have a circulation co-extensive with Mr. Jefferson's charges against him. The celebrity of Mr. Jefferson's character, together with the beautiful specimens of Indian oratory in the Logan speech, has probably caused his work to be circulated and read all over the civilized world.

The author will only add that he has obtained permission from the proprietors of those works to use them as he deems proper. The Hon. Philip Doddridge, shortly before his death, in a letter to the author, stated that he considered there would be no impropriety in

* Fourth Edition Note—Washington, not Cheat.

† Mr. John Touliffson related the particulars of these occurrences to the author, and added that he himself was one of Cresap's party, and that he was then a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age.

appending any part of his brother's book to this publication; and Mr. Jacob in the most liberal and unqualified terms, permits him to append the whole, or any part of his "Life of Cresap."

REV. MR. DOODRIDGE'S ACCOUNT OF DUNMORE'S WAR

After the conclusion of the Indian wars, by the treaty made with the chiefs by Sir William Johnson at the German flats, in the latter part of 1764, the western settlements enjoyed peace until the spring of 1774.

During this period of time, the settlements increased with great rapidity along the whole extent of the western frontier. Even the shores of the Ohio, on the Virginia side, had a considerable population as early as the year 1774.

Devoutly might humanity wish that the record of the causes which led to the destructive war of 1774, might be blotted from the annals of our country. But it is now too late to efface it; the "black-letter list" must remain, a dishonorable blot in our national history. Good however may spring out of evil. The injuries inflicted upon the Indians, in early times by our forefathers, may induce their descendants to show justice and mercy to the diminished posterity of those children of the wilderness, whose ancestors perished, in cold blood, under the tomahawk and scalping knife of the white savage.

In the month of April, 1774, a rumor was circulated that the Indians had stolen several horses from some land jobbers on the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers. No evidence of the facts having been adduced, led to the conclusion that the report was false. This report, however, induced a pretty general belief that the Indians were about to make war upon the frontier settlements, but for this apprehension there does not appear to have been the slightest foundation.

In consequence of this apprehension of being attacked by the Indians, the land jobbers ascended the river, and collected in Wheeling. On the 27th of April, it was reported in Wheeling that a canoe containing two Indians and some traders, were coming down the river, and then not far from the place. On hearing this, the commandant of the station, Capt. Cresap, proposed to go up the river and kill the Indians. This project was vehemently opposed by Col. Zane, the proprietor of the place. He stated to the captain that the killing of those Indians would inevitably bring on a war, in which much innocent blood would be shed, and that the act in itself would be an atrocious murder, and a disgrace to his name forever. His good counsel was lost. The party went up the river. On being asked, at their return, what had become of the Indians, they coolly answered that "they had fallen overboard into the river!" Their canoe, on being examined, was found bloody, and pierced with bullets. This was the first blood which was shed in this war, and terrible was the vengeance which followed.

In the evening of the same day, the party, hearing that there was an encampment of Indians at the mouth of the Captain, went

down the river to the place, attacked the Indians and killed several of them. In this affair one of Cresap's party was severely wounded.

The massacre at Captain, and that which took place at Baker's, about forty miles above Wheeling, after that at Captain, were unquestionably the sole causes of the war of 1774. The last was perpetrated by thirty-two men, under the command of Daniel Greathouse. The whole number killed at this place, and on the river opposite to it, was twelve, besides several wounded. This horrid massacre was effected by an hypocritical stratagem, which reflects the deepest dishonor on the memory of those who were agents in it.

The report of the murders committed on the Indians near Wheeling, induced a belief that they would immediately commence hostilities; and this apprehension furnished the pretext for the murder above related. The ostensible object for raising the party under Greathouse, was that of defending the family of Baker, whose house was opposite to a large encampment of Indians, at the mouth of the Big Yellow Creek. The party were concealed in ambuscade, while their commander went over the river, under the mask of friendship, to the Indian camp, to ascertain their number. While there an Indian woman advised him to return home speedily, saying that the Indians were drinking and angry on account of the murder of their people down the river, and might do him some mischief. On his return to the party, he reported that the Indians were too strong for an open attack. He returned to Baker's, and requested him to give any Indians who might come over, in the course of the day, as much rum as they might call for, and get as many of them drunk as he possibly could. The plan succeeded. Several Indian men and women came over the river to Baker's, who had previously been in the habit of selling rum to the Indians. The men drank freely, and became intoxicated. In this state they were all killed by Greathouse and a few of his party. I say a few of his party; for it is but justice to state that not more than five or six of the whole number had any participation in the slaughter at the house. The rest protested against it as an atrocious murder. From their number, being by far the majority, they might have prevented the deed; but alas! they did not. A little Indian girl alone was saved from the slaughter, by the humanity of some of the party, whose name is not now known.

The Indians in the camp, hearing the firing at the house, sent a canoe with two men in it to inquire what had happened. These two Indians were both shot down as soon as they landed on the beach. A second and larger canoe was then manned with a number of Indians in arms; but in attempting to reach the shore, some distance below the house, they were received by a well directed fire from the party, which killed the greater number of them, and compelled the survivors to return. A great number of shots were exchanged across the river but without damage to the white party, none of whom were even wounded. The Indian men who were murdered were all scalped.

The woman who gave the friendly advice to the commander of the party when in the Indian camp was amongst the slain at Baker's house.

The massacre of the Indians at Captina and Yellow Creek, comprehended the whole of the family of the famous but unfortunate Logan, who before these events had been a lover of the whites, a strenuous advocate for peace; but in the conflict which followed them, by way of revenge for the death of his people, he became a brave and sanguinary chief among the warriors.

The settlers along the frontiers, knowing that the Indians would make war upon them for the murder of their people, either moved off to the interior, or took up their residences in forts. The apprehension of war was soon realized. In a short time the Indians commenced hostilities along the whole extent of our frontier.

Express was speedily sent to Williamsburg, the then seat of government of the colony of Virginia, communicating intelligence of the certainty of the commencement of an Indian war. The Assembly was then in session.

A plan for a campaign, for the purpose of putting a speedy conclusion to the Indian hostilities, was adopted between the Earl of Dunmore, governor of the colony, and Gen. Lewis, of Botetourt county.* General Lewis was appointed to the command of the southern division of the forces to be employed on this occasion, with orders to raise a large body of volunteers, and drafts from the southeastern counties of the colony with all dispatch. These forces were to rendezvous at Camp Union, in the Greenbrier county. The Earl of Dunmore was to raise another army in the northern counties of the colony, and in the settlements west of the mountains, and assemble them at Fort Pitt, and from thence descend the river to Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the great Kanawha, the place appointed for the junction of the two armies, for the purpose of invading the Indian country and destroying as many of their villages as they could reach in the course of the season.

On the 11th of September, the forces under Gen. Lewis, amounting to eleven hundred men, commenced their march from Camp Union to Point Pleasant, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. The space of country between these two points was at that time a trackless desert. Captain Matthew Arbuckle, the pilot, conducted the army by the nearest and best route to their place of destination.† The four and ammunition were wholly transported on pack horses,

* Fourth Edition Note.—Lewis did not become a general until 1775. He was a colonel at this time.

† Fourth Edition Note.—Ten years earlier Arbuckle took a load of furs down the Kanawha.

as the route was impassable for wheel carriages. After a painful march of nineteen days, the army arrived, on the 1st of October, at Point Pleasant,² where an encampment was made.

Gen. Lewis was exceedingly disappointed at hearing no tidings of the Earl of Dunmore, who according to previous arrangements was to form a junction with him at this place. He immediately dispatched some scouts, to go by land in the direction of Fort Pitt, to obtain intelligence of the route which the Earl had taken, and then return with the utmost dispatch. On the 9th, three men, who had formerly been Indian traders, arrived in the camp, on express from the Earl, to inform Lewis that he had changed his plan of operations, and intended to march to the Indian towns by the way of Hockhocking, and directing Gen. Lewis to commence his march immediately for the old Chillicothe towns.

Very early in the morning of the 10th, two young men set out from the camp to hunt up the river. Having gone about three miles, they fell upon a camp of the Indians, who were then in the act of preparing to march to attack the camp of Gen. Lewis. The Indians fired on them and killed one of them; the other ran back to the camp with the intelligence that the Indians, in great force, would immediately give battle.

Gen. Lewis immediately ordered out a detachment of the Buteourt troops under Col. Fleming, and another of the Augusta troops under Col. Charles Lewis, remaining himself with the reserve for the defense of the camp. The detachment marched out in two lines, and met the Indians in the same order about four hundred yards from the camp. The battle commenced a little after sunrise, by a heavy firing from the Indians. At the onset our troops gave back some distance, until met by reinforcement, on the arrival of which the Indians retreated a little way and formed a line behind logs and

² Of the battle of the Point, the author has obtained some further particulars, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. He saw and conversed with three individuals who participated in that desperate struggle, viz: Joseph Magg, Andrew Reed and James Ellison. The two first named informed the author that Col. Lewis ordered out a body of three hundred men to meet and disperse the Indians as they were approaching his encampment. The detachment was overpowered by the numerical force of the Indians, not less than a thousand strong; the whites, commanding, however, for every inch of ground in their retreat. They were driven back several hundred yards, when Col. Lewis ordered forward a second detachment of three hundred men, who advanced with impetuosity to the relief of the first, which movement of soon checked the savages, and partially changed the aspect of the fight. Col. Chase Lewis, who had destroyed himself in a successive series of waistcoat, against the advice of his friends, and exposing himself to a conspicuous mark for the Indians, was mortally wounded early in the action; yet was able to walk back after receiving the wound, into his own tent, where he expired. He was met on his way by the commanding-officer, his brother Col. Andrew Lewis, who remanded to him, "I expected something fatal would befal poor Col. Christie" I arrived in the field at the head of five hundred men, the battle still raging on reinforcement, which decided the issue almost immediately. The Indians fell back about two miles, obstinately fighting the whole distance; and such was the persevering spirit of the savages, though they were finally beaten, that the conflict was not entirely closed till the arrival of the troops, when they relinquished the field. Shortly after the battle, several traders with the Indians, remained as neutral in war, called at the Point, and informed Captain Arbuckle, commanding of the station, that there were not less than twelve hundred Indians in this remarkable action. Certainly, consisting of savages, had placed a body of some two hundred Indians on the opposite bank of the Kanawha, is not short of three hundred men.

² Fourth Edition Note—Christie, not Christie.

tree, reworking from the bank of the Ohio to that of the Kanawha. By this maneuver, our army and camp were completely invested, being enclosed between two rivers, with the Indian line of battle in front, so that no chance of retreat was left. An incessant fire was kept up on both sides, with but little change of position until sundown, when the Indians retreated, and in the night recrossed the Ohio, and the next day commenced their march to their towns on the Scioto.

Our loss in this destructive battle was seventy-five killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. Among the killed were Col. Chas. Lewis, Col. Fields, Captains Buford, Murray, Ward, Wilson¹ and McHannahan; Lieutenants Allen, Goldsby and Dillon, and several inferior officers.

Col. Lewis, a distinguished and meritorious officer, was mortally wounded by the first fire of the Indians, but walked into the camp and expired in his own tent.

The number of Indians engaged in the battle of the Point was never ascertained, nor yet the amount of their loss.² On the morning after the engagement, twenty-one were found on the battleground, and twelve more were afterwards found in the different places where they had been concealed. A great number of their dead were said to have been thrown into the river during the engagement. Considering that the whole number of our men engaged in the conflict were riflemen, and from habit sharpshooters of the first order, it is presumable that the loss on the side of the Indians was at least equal to ours.

The Indians during the battle were commanded by the Corn-stalk warrior, the king of the Shawnees. This son of the forest, in his plans of attack and retreat, and in all his manœuvres throughout the engagement, displayed the skill and bravery of the consummate general. During the whole of the day, he was heard from our lines, reiterating, with the voice of a stouter, "Be strong! Be strong!" It is even said that he killed one of his men with his own hand for cowardice.

The day following the battle, after burying the dead, entrenchments were thrown up around the camp, and a competent guard were appointed for the care and protection of the sick and wounded. On the succeeding day Gen. Lewis commenced his march for the Shawnee towns on the Scioto. This march was made through a trackless desert, and attended with almost insuperable difficulties and privations.³

In the meantime the Earl of Dunmore, having collected a force and provided boats at Fort Pitt, descended the river to Wheeling, where the army halted for a few days, and then proceeded down the

¹ Fourth Edition. Note. In nearly all the engagements of this period a large proportion of the casualties were fatal. It is certain that the Indians suffered much loss severely than the whites. The only chief killed was Pechuckon, the father of Dunmore. The number of marchers present is believed to have been about 500, and their loss about 100.

² Fourth Edition. Note. This is a gross exaggeration. There was not a dozen, and there were never good paths through the forests.

river in about one hundred canoes, a few keel boats and pirogues, to the mouth of the Hockhocking, and from thence overland until the army had got within eight miles of the Shawnee town Chillicothe on the Scioto River. Here the army halted, and made a breast-work of fallen trees and entrenchments of such extent as to include about twelve acres of ground, with an enclosure in the center containing about one acre, surrounded by entrenchments. This was the citadel which contained the markees of the Earl and his superior officers.

Before the army had reached that place, the Indian chiefs had sent several messengers to the Earl asking peace. With this request he soon determined to comply, and therefore sent an express to Gen. Lewis with an order for his immediate retreat. This order Gen. Lewis disregarded, and continued his march until his lordship in person visited his camp, was formally introduced to his officers, and gave the order in person. The army of Gen. Lewis then commenced their retreat.

It was with the greatest reluctance and chagrin that the troops of Gen. Lewis returned from the enterprise in which they were engaged. The massacres of their relatives and friends at the Big Levels and Muddy Creek, and above all their recent loss at the battle of the Point, had inspired these "Big-knives," as the Indians called the Virginians, with an inveterate thirst for revenge, the gratification of which they supposed was shortly to take place in the total destruction of the Indians and their towns along the Scioto and Sandusky Rivers. The order of Dunmore was obeyed, but with every expression of regret and disappointment.

The Earl with his officers, having returned to the camp, a treaty with the Indians was opened the following day.

In this treaty, every precaution was used on the part of our people to prevent the Indians from ending a treaty in the tragedy of a massacre. Only eighteen Indians, with their chiefs, were permitted to pass the outer gate of their fortified encampment, after having deposited their arms with the guard at the gate.

The treaty was opened by Cornstalk, the war chief of the Shawnees, in a lengthy speech, in which he boldly charged the white people with having been the authors of the commencement of the war, in the massacres of the Indians at Captain and Yellow Creek. This speech he delivered in so loud a tone of voice, that he was heard all over the camp. The terms of the treaty were soon settled and the prisoners delivered up.

Logan, the Muskingum chief, assented to the treaty; but still indignant at the murder of his family, he refused to attend with the other chiefs at the camp of Dunmore. According to the Indian mode in such cases, he sent his speech in a belt of wampum by an interpreter, to be read at the treaty.

Supposing that this work may fall in the hands of some readers who have not seen the speech of Logan, the author thinks it not amiss to insert the celebrated oration of Indian eloquence in this place,

with the observation that the authenticity of the speech is no longer a subject of doubt. The speech is as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever entered cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance; for my country I rejoices at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

Thus ended, at the treaty of Camp Charlotte, in the month of November, 1774, the disastrous war of Dunmore. It began in the wanton and unprovoked murders of the Indians at Captain and Yellow Creek, and ended in an awful sacrifice of life and property to the demon of revenge. On our part we obtained at the treaty a cessation of hostilities and a surrender of prisoners, and nothing more.

The plan of operations adopted by the Indians in the war of Dunmore, shows very clearly that their chiefs were by no means deficient in the foresight and skill necessary for making the most prudent military arrangements for obtaining success and victory in their mode of warfare. At an early period they obtained intelligence of the plan of the campaign against them, concerted between the Earl of Dunmore and Gen. Lewis. With a view, therefore, to attack the forces of these commanders separately, they speedily collected their warriors, and by forced marches reached the Point before the expected arrival of the troops under Dunmore. Such was the privacy with which they conducted their march to Point Pleasant, that Gen. Lewis knew nothing of the approach of the Indian army until a few minutes before the commencement of the battle, and it is very probable, that if Cornstalk, the Indian commander, had had a little larger force at the battle of the Point, the whole army of Gen. Lewis would have been cut off, as the wary savage had left them no chance of retreat. Had the army of Lewis been defeated, the army of Dunmore, consisting of a little more than one thousand men, would have shared the fate of those armies which at different periods have suffered defeat in consequence of venturing too far into the Indian country, in numbers too small, and with munitions of war inadequate to sustain a contest with the united forces of a number of Indian nations.

It was the general belief among the officers of our army, at the time, that the Earl of Dunmore, while at Wheeling, received advice

from his government of the probability of the approaching war in
 from England and the colonies, and that afterwards, all his coun-
 cils, with regard to the Indians, had for their ultimate object in
 alliance with those Indian tribes for the aid of the natives con-
 sidered in their conduct with me. This supposition accounts for his not
 forming a junction with the army of Lewis at Point Pleasant. His
 deviation from the original plan of the campaign prepared not the
 army of Lewis and well nigh compromised its total destruction. The
 conduct of the Earl at the treaty shows a good understanding between
 him and the Indian chiefs. He did not call the army of Lewis to
 form a junction with his men, but sent them back before the treaty
 was concluded, thus risking the safety of his own forces; for at the
 time of the treaty, the Indian warriors were about his army, a force
 sufficient to have interrupted his retreat and destroyed his whole
 army.

Mr. Justice's Account of Frenchman's War

At this period, 1774: in the commencement of the year 1774,
 there existed between our people and the Indians, a kind of doubtful
 precarious and suspicious peace. In the year 1773, they killed a
 certain John Martin and Guy Meeks (Indian traders), on the Hawk-
 hocking River, and sold them about 200 pounds worth of goods.

They were much irritated with our people, who were about this
 time encroaching in middle Kentucky, and with whom they waged an
 insidious and destruction predatory war; and whenever saw an Indian in Kentucky, saw an enemy; no questions were asked on either side
 but from the mouth of their rifles. Many other circumstances of
 this period combined to show that our peace with the Indians rested
 upon such dubious and uncertain ground, that it never was to be
 dispensed by a whirlwind of courage and war. And as I consider this
 an all important point in the thread of our history, and an interesting
 link in the chain of causes combining to produce Indians' war,
 I will present the reader with another fact directly in point. It is
 extracted from the journal of a Major Mathew, in my possession.
 The writer says, that about the 11th of March, 1774, while himself
 and six other men, who were in company with him, were resting in
 their camp in the night, they were awakened by the dogs barking
 of their dogs, and thought they saw something like men coming
 towards them. Alarmed at this, they sprung up, seized their rifles,
 and flew to arms. By this time our Indians had reached their fire, but
 having thus seen their guns, he drew back, stretched and fell. The
 whole party now sprang up, and appearing friendly, he ordered his
 men not to fire, and shook hands with his new guests. They carried
 all night, and appearing so friendly, prevailed with him and one of
 his men to go with them to their town, at no great distance from
 their camp; but when they arrived he was taken with his companion
 to some council, or was bound; a war dance performed around them,
 the war clubs struck at or over them, and they were detained close

prisoners, and narrowly guarded for two or three days. A council was then held over them, and it was decreed that they should be threatened severely and discharged, provided they would give their women some flour and salt. Being dismissed, they set out on their journey to the camp, but met on their way about twenty-five warriors and some boys. A second council was held over them, and it was decreed that they should not be killed, but robbed, which was accordingly done; and all their flour, salt, powder and lead, and all their rifles that were good, were taken from them; and being further threatened, the Indians left them as already noticed. This party consisted of seven men, viz: 'Squire McConnel, Andrew McConnel, Lawrence Darsel, William Ganet, Matthew Riddle, John Laferty and Thos. Canady.

We have also in reserve some more material facts, that go to show the aspect of affairs at this period and that may be considered as evident precursors to an impending war. And it is certainly not a trifling item in the catalogue of these events, that early in the spring of 1774, whether precedent or subsequent to Connoly's famous circular letter, I am not prepared to say, having no positive data; but it was, however, about this time that the Indians killed two men in a canoe belonging to a Mr. Butler of Pittsburgh, and robbed the canoe of the property therein. This was about the 1st of May, 1774, and took place near the mouth of Little Beaver, a small creek that empties into the Ohio River between Pittsburgh and Wheeling; and this fact is so certain and well established, that Benjamin Tomlinson, Esq., who is now living (1826) and who assisted in burying the dead, can and will bear testimony to its truth. And it is presumed it was this circumstance which produced that prompt and terrible vengeance taken on the Indians at Yellow Creek immediately afterward, to-wit: on the 3rd day of May, which gave rise to, and furnished matter for, the pretended lying speech of Logan, which I shall hereafter prove a counterfeit, and if it was genuine, yet a genuine fabrication of lies.

Thus we find from an examination into the state of affairs in the west, that there was a predisposition to war, at least on the part of the Indians. But may we not suspect that other latent causes, working behind the scenes and in the dark, were silently marching to the same result?

Be it remembered, then, that this Indian war was but as a portion to our Revolutionary War, the fuel for which was then preparing, and which burst into a flame the ensuing year.

Neither let us forget that the Earl of Dunmore was at this time governor of Virginia; and that he was acquainted with the views and designs of the British Cabinet, can scarcely be doubted. What then, suppose ye, would be the conduct of a man possessing his means, filling a high, official station, attached to the British government, and master of consummate diplomatic skill?

Dunmore's penetrating eye could not but see, and he no doubt did see, two all-important objects, that, if accomplished, would go to subserve and promote the grand object of the British Cabinet, viz:

the establishment of an unbounded and unrestrained authority over our North American continent.

These two objects were, first, setting the new settlers on the west side of the Alleghany by the ears; and secondly, embroiling the western people in a war with the Indians. These two objects accomplished, would put it in his power to direct the storm to any and every point conducive to the grand object he had in view. But as in the nature of the thing he could not, and policy forbidding that he should, always appear personally in promoting and effectuating these objects, it was necessary he should obtain a confidential agent attached to his person and to the British government, and one that would promote his views either publicly or covertly, as circumstances required.

The materials for his first object were abundant, and already prepared. The emigrants to the western country were almost all from the three states of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The line between the two states of Virginia and Pennsylvania was unsettled, and both these states claimed the whole of the western country. This motley mixture of men from different states did not harmonize. The Virginians and Marylanders disliked the Pennsylvanians laws, nor did the Pennsylvanians relish those of Virginia. Thus many disputes, much warm blood, broils, and sometimes battles, cattle fistfights, followed.

The Earl of Dunmore, with becoming zeal for the honor of the "ancient dominion," seized upon this stage of things so propitious to his views; and having found Dr. John Connolly, a Pennsylvanian, with whom I think he could not have had much previous acquaintance, by the art of hocuspocus or some other art, converted him into a staunch Virginian, and appointed him vice-governor and commandant of Pittsburgh and its dependencies, that is to say of all the western country. Affairs on that side of the mountain began to wear a serious aspect; attempts were made by both states to enforce their laws; and the strong arm of power and coercion was let loose by Virginia. Some magistrates acting under the authority of Pennsylvania were arrested, sent to Virginia and imprisoned.

But that the reader may be well assured that the hand of Dunmore was in all this, I present him with a copy of his proclamation. It is, however, deficient as to date:

"WHEREAS, I have reason to apprehend that the government of Pennsylvania, in prosecution of their claims to Pittsburgh and its dependencies, will endeavor to obstruct his majesty's government thereto, under my administration, by illegal and unwarrantable commitment of the officers I have appointed for that purpose, and that settlement is in some danger of annoyance from the Indians also; and it being necessary to support the dignity of his majesty's government and protect his subjects in the quiet and peaceable enjoyment of their rights; I have therefore thought proper, by and with the consent and advice of his majesty's council, by this proclamation

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in his majesty's name, to order and require the officers of the militia in that district to embody a sufficient number of men to repel any insult whatsoever; and all his majesty's liege subjects within this colony are hereby strictly required to be aiding and assisting therein, or they shall answer the contrary at their peril; and I further enjoin and require the several inhabitants of the territories aforesaid to pay his majesty's quirrents and public dues to such officers as are or shall be appointed to collect the same within this dominion, until his majesty's pleasure therein shall be known."

It is much to be regretted that my copy of this proclamation is without date. There can, however, be no doubt it was issued either in 1774 or early in 1775, and I am inclined to think it was issued in 1774; but it would be satisfactory to know precisely the day, because chronology is the soul of history.

But this state of things in the west, it seems from subsequent events, was not the mere effervescence of a transient or momentary excitement, but continued a long season. The seeds of discord had fallen unhappily on ground too naturally productive, and were also well cultivated by the Earl of Dunmore, Connolly, and the Pennsylvania officers, to evaporate in an instant.

We find by recurring to the history of our Revolutionary War, that that awful tornado, if it had not the effect to sweep away disputes about state rights and local interests, yet it had the effect to silence and suspend everything of that nature pending our dubious and arduous struggle for national existence; but yet we find, in fact, that whatever conciliatory effect this state of things had upon other sections of the country, and upon the nation at large, it was not sufficient to extinguish this fire in the west. For in the latter end of the year 1776, or in the year 1777, we find those people petitioning Congress to interpose their authority, and redress their grievances. I have this petition before me, but it is too long to copy; I therefore only give a short abstract.

It begins with stating that whereas Virginia and Pennsylvania both set up claims to the western country, it was productive of the most serious and distressing consequences; that as each state perniciously supported their respective pretensions, the result was, as described by themselves, "frauds, impositions, violence, depredations, animosities," &c., &c.

These evils they ascribe (as indeed the fact was) to the conflicting claims of the two states; and so warm were the partisans on each side, as in some cases to produce battles and shedding of blood. But they superadd another reason for this ill-humor, namely, the proceedings of Dunmore's warrant officers, in laying land warrants on land claimed by others, and many other claims for land granted by the crown of England to individuals, companies, &c., covering a vast extent of country, and including most of the lands already settled and occupied by the greatest part of the inhabitants of the west-

ern country; and they finally prayed Congress to erect them into a separate state and admit them into the Union as a fourteenth state.

As the petition recites the treaty of Pittsburgh, in October, 1773, it is probable we may fix its date (for it has none) to the latter part of 1776 or 1777. I rather think the latter, not only from my own recollection of the circumstances of that period, but especially from the request in the petition to be erected into a new state, which certainly would not have been thought of before the Declaration of Independence.

But the unhappy state of the western country will appear still more evident, when we advert to another important document which I have also before me. It is a proclamation issued by the delegates in Congress from the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and bearing date Philadelphia, July 25, 1775.

But the heat of fire, and inflexible obstinacy of the parties engaged in this controversy, will appear in colors still stronger, when we see the unavailing efforts made by the delegates in Congress from the two states of Virginia and Pennsylvania in the year 1773. These gentlemen, it was obvious, under the influence of the best of motives, and certainly with a view to the best interests, peace, and happiness to the western people, sent them a proclamation, couched in terms directly calculated to restore tranquility and harmony among them; but the little effect produced by this proclamation, their subsequent petition just recited, and sent the next year or year after to Congress, fully demonstrates.

But as I consider this proclamation an important document, and as it is nowhere recorded, I give it to the reader entire:

"To the Inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Virginia, on the west side of the Laurel Hill.

"**FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN:** It gives us much concern to find disturbances have arisen, and still continue among you, concerning the boundaries of our colonies. In the character in which we now address you, it is unnecessary to inquire into the origin of these unhappy disputes, and it would be improper for us to express our approbation or censure on either side; but as representatives of two of the colonies, united among many others for the defense of the liberties of America, we think it our duty to remove, as far as lies in our power, every obstacle that may prevent her sons from operating as vigorously as they would wish to do towards the attainment of this great and important end. Influenced solely by this motive, our joint and earnest request to you is, that all animosities which have heretofore subsisted among you, as inhabitants of distinct colonies, may now give place to generous and concurring efforts for the preservation of everything that can make our common cause dear to us.

"We are fully persuaded that you, as well as we, wish to see your differences terminate in this happy issue. For this desirable

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purpose we recommend it to you that all bodies of armed men, kept under either *prorance*, be dismissed; that all those on either side, who are in confinement, or under *bail* for taking part in the contest, be discharged; and that until the dispute be decided, every person be permitted to retain his possessions un molested.

"By observing these directions, the public tranquillity will be secured without injury to the titles on either side. The period, we flatter ourselves will soon arrive, when this unfortunate dispute, which has produced much mischief, and as far as we can learn no good, will be peaceably and constitutionally determined.

"We are your friends and countrymen,

"P. HENRY,
RICHARD HENRY LEE,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
THOS. JEFFERSON,
JOHN DICKINSON,
GEO. ROSS,
B. FRANKLIN,
JAS. WILSON,
CHARLES HUMPHREYS.

"Philadelphia, July 25th, 1775."

But to conclude this part of our subject, I think the reader cannot but see from Dunmore's proclamation, the violent measures of his Lieutenant Connolly and the Virginia officers, and from the complexion of the times, and subsequent conduct of both Dunmore and Connolly, as we shall see hereafter; that this unhappy state of things, if not actually produced, was certainly improved by Dunmore to subserve the views of the British court.

We now proceed to examine the question, how far facts and circumstances justify us in supposing the Earl of Dunmore himself instrumental in producing the Indian war of 1774.

It has already been remarked that this Indian war was but the precursor to our Revolutionary War of 1775—that Dunmore, the then governor of Virginia, was one of the most inveterate and determined enemies to the Revolution—that he was a man of high talents, especially for intrigue and diplomatic skill—that occupying the station of commander-in-chief of the large and respectable state of Virginia, he possessed means and power to do much to serve the views of Great Britain. And we have seen, from the preceding pages, how effectually he played his part among the inhabitants of the western country. I was present myself when a Pennsylvania magistrate, of the name of Scott, was taken into custody, and brought before Dunmore, at Prestone Old Fort; he was severely threatened and dismissed, perhaps on bail, but I do not recollect how; another Pennsylvania magistrate was sent to Staunton jail. And I have already shown in the preceding pages, that there was a sufficient preparation of materials for this war in the predisposition and

hostile attitude of our affairs with the Indians; that it was consequently no difficult matter with a Virginian governor to direct the incipient state of things to any point most conducive to the grand end he had in view, namely, in weakening our national strength in some of its best and most efficient parts. If, then, a war with the Indians might have a tendency to produce this result, it appears perfectly natural and reasonable to suppose that Dunmore would make use of all his power and influence to promote it, and although the war of 1774 was brought to a conclusion before the year was out, yet we know that this fire was scarcely extinguished before it burst into a flame with tenfold fury, and two or three armies of the whites were sacrificed before we could get the Indians subdued; and this unhappy state of our affairs with the Indians happening during the severe conflict of our Revolutionary War, had the very effect, I suppose, Dunmore had in view, namely, dividing our forces and weakening our aggregate strength; and that the seeds of these subsequent wars with the Indians were sown in 1774 and 1775, appears almost certain.

Yet still, however, we admit that we are not in possession of materials to substantiate this charge against the Earl; and all we can do is to produce some facts and circumstances that deserve notice, and have a strong bearing on the case.

And the first we shall mention* is a circular seal by Maj. Connolly, his proxy, early in the spring of the year 1774, warning the inhabitants to be on their guard—the Indians were very angry, and manifested so much hostility, that he was apprehensive they would strike somewhere as soon as the season would permit, and enjoining the inhabitants to prepare and retire into fortis, &c. It might be useful to collate and compare this letter with one he wrote to Capt. Cresap on the 14th of July following; see hereafter. In this letter he declares there is war or danger of war, before the war is properly begun; in that to Capt. Cresap he says the Indians deport themselves peacefully, when Dunmore and Lewis and Cornstalk are all out on their march for battle.

This letter was sent by express in every direction of the country. Unhappily we have lost or mislaid it, and consequently are deficient in a most material point in this date. But from one expression in the letter, namely, that the Indians will strike when the season permits, and this season is generally understood to mean when the leaves are out, we may fix it in the month of May. We find from a subsequent letter from Pennington and Connolly to Capt. Reece, that this assumed fact is proved; see hereafter.

Therefore this letter cannot be of a later date than sometime in the month of April; and if so, before Butler's men were killed on Little Beaver; and before Logan's family were killed on Yellow Creek, and was in fact the fiery red cross and harbinger of war, as is

*The remark, as it should seem incidentally made, in Dunmore's proclamation, as to the Indian war (see page 120-121), deserves notice, as it has no connection with the subject of that resolution.

days of care among the Scottish clans. That this was the fact is I think, absolutely certain, because no mention is made in Connolly's letter of this affair, which certainly would not have been omitted, if precedent to his letter.

This letter produced its natural result. The people fled into forts, and put themselves into a posture of defense, and the tocsin of war resounded from Laurel Hill to the banks of the Ohio River. Capt. Cresap, who was peaceably at this time employed in building houses and improving lands on the Ohio River, received this letter, accompanied, it is believed, with a confirmatory message from Col. Croghan and Maj. McGee, Indian agents and interpreters;* and he thereupon immediately broke up his camp, and ascended the river to Wheeling Fort, the nearest place of safety, from whence it is believed he intended speedily to return home; but during his stay at this place, a report was brought into the fort that two Indians were coming down the river. Capt. Cresap, supposing from every circumstance, and the general aspect of affairs, that war was inevitable, and in fact already begun, went up the river with his party; and two of his men, of the name of Chenoweth and Brothers, killed these two Indians. Beyond controversy this is the only circumstance in the history of this Indian war, in which his name can in the remotest degree be identified with any measure tending to produce this war; and it is certain that the guilt or innocence of this affair will appear from this date. It is notorious, then, that those Indians were killed not only after Capt. Cresap had received Connolly's letter, and after Butler's men were killed in the canoe, but also after the affair at Yellow Creek, and after the people had fled into the forts. But more of this hereafter, when we take up Mr. Doddridge and his book; simply, however, remarking here, that this affair of killing these two Indians has the same aspect and relation to Dunmore's war that the battle of Lexington has to the war of the Revolution.

But to proceed. Permit us to remark, that it is very difficult at this late period to form a correct idea of these times unless we can bring distinctly into view the real state of our frontier. The inhabitants of the western country were at this time thinly scattered from the Alleghany Mountain to the eastern banks of the Ohio River, and most thinly near that river. In this state of things, it was natural to suppose that the few settlers in the vicinity of Wheeling, who had collected into that fort, would feel extremely solicitous to detain Capt. Cresap and his men as long as possible, especially until they could see on what point the storm would fall. Capt. Cresap, the son of a hero, and a hero himself, felt for their situation; and getting together a few more men, in addition to his own, and not relishing the limits of a little fort, nor a life of inactivity, set out on what was called a scouting party; that is, to reconnoiter and scour the frontier border; and while out and engaged in this business, fell in with and

* I had this from Capt. Cresap himself, a short time after it occurred.

had a running fight with a party of Indians, nearly about his equal in number, when one Indian was killed, and Cresap had one man wounded. This affair took place somewhere on the banks of the Ohio. Doddridge says it was at the mouth of Captina; be it so—it matters not; but he adds, it was on the same day the Indians were killed in the canoe. In this the doctor is most egregiously mistaken, as I shall prove hereafter.

But may we not ask, what were these Indians doing here at this time, on the banks of the Ohio? They had no town near this place, nor was it their hunting season, as it was about the 8th or 10th of May. Is it not then probable, nay, almost certain, that the struggling banditti were prepared and ready to fall on some parts of our exposed frontier, and that their dispersion saved the lives of many helpless women and children?

But the old proverb, *cry mad dog and kill him!* is, I suppose, equally as applicable to heroes as to dogs.

Capt. Cresap soon after this returned to his family in Maryland; but feeling most sensibly for the inhabitants on the frontier in their perilous situation, immediately raised a company of volunteers and marched back to their assistance; and having advanced as far as Catfish Camp, the place where Washington, Pa., now stands, he was arrested in his progress by a peremptory and insulting order from Connolly, commanding him to dismiss his men and to return home.

This order, couched in offensive and insulting language, it may be well supposed, was not very grateful to a man of Capt. Cresap's high sense of honor and peculiar sensibility, especially conscious as he was of the purity of his motives, and the laudable end he had in view. He nevertheless obeyed, returned home and dismissed his men, and with the determination, I well know from what he said after his return, never again to take any part in the present Indian war, but to leave Mr. Commandant at Pittsburgh to fight it out as he could. This hasty resolution was, however, of short duration. For however strange, contradictory and irreconcileable the conduct of the Earl of Dunmore and his vice-governor at Pittsburgh, &c. may appear, yet it is a fact, that on the 10th of June, the Earl of Dunmore, unsolicited, and to Capt. Cresap, certainly unexpected, sent him a captain's commission of the militia of Hampshire county, Virginia, notwithstanding his residence was in Maryland. This commission reached Capt. Cresap a few days after his return from the expedition to Catfish Camp, just above mentioned; and inasmuch as this commission, coming to him the way it did, carried with it a tacit expression of the Governor's approbation of his conduct—add to which, that about the same time his feelings were daily assailed by petition after petition, from almost every section of the western country, praying, begging, and beseeching him to come over to their assistance—it is not surprising that his resolution should be changed. Several of these petitions and Dunmore's commission have escaped the wreck of time and are now in my possession.

This commission coming at the time it did, and in the way and under the circumstances above recited, aided and strengthened as it was by the numberless petitioners aforesaid, broke down and so far extinguished all Capt. Cressap's personal resentment against Connolly that he once more determined to exert all his power and influence in assisting the distressed inhabitants of the western frontier, and accordingly immediately raised a company, placed himself under the command of Maj. Angus McDonald, and marched with him to attack the Indians, at their town of Wappatomachie, on the Muskingum. His popularity, at this time, was such, and so many men flocked to his standard, that he could not consistently with the rules of an army, retain them in his company, but was obliged to transfer them, much against their wills, to other captains, and the result was, that after retaining in his own company as many men as he could consistently, he filled completely the company of his nephew, Capt. Michael Cressap, and also partly the company of Capt. Hancock Lee. This little army of about four hundred men, under Maj. McDonald, penetrated the Indian country as far as the Muskingum, near which they had a skirmish with a party of Indians under Captain Snake, in which McDonald lost six men, and killed the Indian chief Snake.

A little anecdote here will go to show what expert and close shooters we had in those days among our riflemen. When McDonald's little army arrived on the near bank of the Muskingum River, and while lying there, an Indian on the opposite shore got behind a log or old tree, and was lifting up his head occasionally to view the white men's army. One of Capt. Cressap's men, of the name of John Harness, seeing this, loaded his rifle with two balls, and placing himself on the bank of the river, watched the opportunity when the Indian raised his head, and firing at the same instant, put both balls through the Indian's neck, and laid him dead,* which circumstance no doubt had great influence in intimidating the Indians.

McDonald after this had another running fight with the Indians, drove them from their towns, burnt them, destroyed their provisions, and returning to the settlement, discharged his men.

But this affair at Wappatomachie and expedition of McDonald were only the prelude to more important and efficient measures. It was well understood that the Indians were far from being subdued, and that they would now certainly collect all their forces, and to the utmost of their power return the compliment of our visit to their territories.

The Governor of Virginia, whatever might have been his views as to the anterior measures, lost no time in preparing to meet this storm. He sent orders immediately to Col. Andrew Lewis, of Augusta county, to raise an army of about one thousand men, and to march with all expedition to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, on the Ohio River, where, or at some other point, he would join him, after he had got together another army, which he intended to raise in

*The Muskingum at this place is said to be about 200 yards wide.

the northwestern counties, and command in person. Lewis ^{had} ~~had~~ in time, but collected the number of men required, and marched without delay to the appointed place of rendezvous.

But the Earl was not quite so rapid in his movements, which circumstance the eagle eye of old Cornstalk, the general of the Indian army saw, and was determined to avail himself of, foreseeing that it would be much easier to destroy two separate columns of an invading army before than after their junction and consolidation. With this view he marched with all expedition to attack Lewis before he was joined by the Earl's army from the north, calculating, confidently no doubt, that if he could destroy Lewis, he would be able to give a good account of the army of the Earl.

The plans of Cornstalk appear to have been those of a consummate and skillful general, and the prompt and rapid execution of them displayed the energy of a warrior. He, therefore, without loss of time, attacked Lewis at his post. The attack was sudden, violent, and I believe unexpected. It was nevertheless well fought, very obstinate, and of long continuance; and as both parties fought with rifles, the conflict was dreadful: many were killed on both sides, and the contest was only finished with the approach of night. The Virginians, however, kept the field, but lost many valuable officers and men, and among the rest, Col. Charles Lewis, brother to the commander-in-chief.

Cornstalk and Blue Jacket, the two Indian captains, it is said, performed prodigies of valor; but finding at length all their efforts unavailing, drew off their men in good order, and with the determination to fight no more, if peace could be obtained on reasonable terms.

This battle of Lewis' opened an easy and unmolested passage for Dunmore through the Indian country; ⁴ but it is proper to remark here, however, that when Dunmore arrived with his wing of the army at the mouth of the Hockhocking, he sent Capt. White-eyes, a Delaware chief, to invite the Indians to a treaty, and he remained stationary at that place until White-eyes returned, who reported that the Indians would not treat about peace. I presume, in order of time, this must have been just before Lewis' battle; because it will appear in the sequel of this story, that a great revolution took place in the minds of the Indians after the battle.

Dunmore, immediately upon the report of White-eyes that the Indians were not disposed for peace, sent an express to Col. Lewis to move on and meet him near Chillicothe, on the Scioto, and both wings of the army were put in motion. But as Dunmore approached the Indian town, he was met by flags from the Indians, demanding

⁴ A little anecdote will prove that Dunmore was a general, and also the harsh master in which he held Capt. Cressap. While the army was marching through the Indian country, Dunmore ordered Capt. Cressap with his company and some more of his best troops in the rear. This displeased Cressap, and he expostulated with the Earl, who replied, that the reason of this arrangement was, because he knew that if he were allowed to treat, all those men would rush forward into the engagement. The reason, which was by the by a handsome compliment, satisfied Cressap, and all the rear guard.

peace, to which he acceded, halted his army, and runners were sent to invite the Indian chiefs, who cheerfully obeyed the summons, and came to the treaty—save only Logan, the great orator, who refused to come. It seems, however, that neither Dunmore nor the Indian chiefs considered his presence of much importance, for they went to work and finished the treaty without him—referring, I believe, some unsettled points for future discussion, at a treaty to be held the ensuing summer or fall at Pittsburgh. This treaty, the articles of which I never saw, nor do I know that they were ever recorded, concluded Dunmore's war, in September or October, 1774. After the treaty was over, old Cornstalk, the Shawnee chief, accompanied Dunmore's army until they reached the mouth of the Hockhocking, on the Ohio; and what was most singular, rather made his home in Capt. Cresap's tent, with whom he continued on terms of the most friendly familiarity. I consider this circumstance as positive proof that the Indians themselves neither considered Capt. Cresap the murderer of Logan's family, nor the cause of the war. It appears, also, that at this place the Earl of Dunmore received dispatches from England. Doddridge says he received these on his march out.

But we ought to have mentioned in its proper place, that after the treaty between Dunmore and the Indians commenced near Chillicothe, Lewis arrived with his army, and encamped two or three miles from Dunmore, which greatly alarmed the Indians, as they thought he was so much irritated at losing so many men in the late battle that he would not easily be pacified; nor would they be satisfied until Dunmore and old Cornstalk went into Lewis' camp to converse with him.

Dr. Doddridge represents this affair in different shades of light from this statement. I can only say I had my information from an officer who was present at the time.

But it is time to remind the reader, that, although I have wandered into such a minute detail of the various occurrences, facts and circumstances of Dunmore's war; and all of which as a history may be interesting to the present and especially to the rising generation; yet it is proper to remark that I have two leading objects chiefly in view—first, to convince the world, that whoever and whatever might be the cause of the Indian war in 1774, it was not Capt. Cresap; secondly, that from the aspect of our political affairs, at that period, and from the known hostility of Dunmore to the American Revolution, and withal to the subsequent conduct of Dunmore, and the dreadful Indian war that commenced soon after the beginning of our war with Great Britain—I say, from all these circumstances, we have infinitely stronger reasons to suspect Dunmore than Cresap; and I may say that the dispatches above mentioned that were received by Dunmore at Hockhocking, although after the treaty, were yet calculated to create suspicion.

But if, as we suppose, Dunmore was secretly at the bottom of the Indian war, it is evident that he could not with propriety ap-

pear personally in a business of this kind; and we have seen and shall see, how effectually his sub-governor played his part between the Virginians and Pennsylvanians; and it now remains for us to examine how far the conduct of this man (Connolly) will bear us out in the supposition that there was also some foul play, some dark intriguing work to embroil the western country in an Indian war.

And I think it best now, as we have introduced this man Connolly again, to give the reader a short condensed history of his whole proceedings, that we may have him in full view at once. We have already presented the reader with his circular letter, and its natural result and consequences, and also with his insulting letter and mandatory order to Capt. Cresap, at Catfish Camp, to dismiss his men and go home; and that the reader may now see a little of the character of this man, and understand him, if it is possible to understand him, I present him with a copy of a letter to Capt. Reece.

"As I have received intelligence that Logan, a Mingo Indian, with about twenty Shawnees and others, were to set off for war, last Monday, and I have reason to believe they may come upon the inhabitants about Wheeling, I hereby order, require and command you, with all the men you can raise, immediately to march and join any of the companies already out and under the pay of the government, and upon joining your parties together, scour the frontier and become a harrier to our settlements, and endeavor to fall in with their tracks, and pursue them, using your utmost endeavours to chastise them as open and avowed enemies.

"I am, sir, your most humble servant,
DOWNEY PENTECOST, for

JOHN CONNOLY.

"To Capt. Joel Reece, use all expedition, May 27, 1774."

Now here is a fellow for you. A very short time before this, perhaps two or three days before the date of this letter, Capt. Cresap, who had a fine company of volunteers, is insulted, ordered to dismiss his men and go home; and indeed it appears from one expression in this letter, namely, "the companies who are already out," that these companies must have been actually out at the very time Cresap is ordered home.

Now if any man is skilled in the art of legerdemain, let him unriddle this enigma if he can.

But as so many important facts crowd together at this eventful period, it may be satisfactory to the reader, and have a tendency more clearly to illustrate the various scenes interwoven in the thread of this history, to present to his view a chronological list of these facts; and I think the first that deserves notice is Connolly's circular letter, which we date the 25th day of April; secondly, the two men killed in Butler's canoe we know was the first or second day of May; thirdly, the affair at Yellow Creek, was on the third or fourth day of May; fourthly, the Indians killed in the canoe above Wheeling, the

fifth or sixth day of May; fifthly, the skirmish with the Indians on the Ohio River, about the eighth or tenth day of May; after which, Capt. Cresap returned to Catfish Camp about the twenty-fifth day of May. Indeed, this fact speaks for itself; it could not be earlier, when it is considered that he rode home from the Ohio, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles, raised a company and marched back as far as Catfish Camp, through bad roads, near one hundred and twenty miles; and all, agreeably to my statement, in seventeen days; then it is evident that he was not at Catfish Camp sooner than the twenty-fifth of May; and if so, he was ordered home at the very time when scouts were out, and the settlement threatened with an attack from the Indians as is manifest from Connolly's own letter to Capt. Reece, dated May 27, 1774.

But the hostility of Connolly to Capt. Cresap was unremitting and without measure or docility; for on the 14th day of July, of the same year, we find one of the most extraordinary, crooked, malignant, Grub Street epistles, that ever appeared upon paper; but let us see it.

"Fort Dunmore," July 14, 1774.

"Your whole proceedings, so far as relate to our disturbances with the Indians, have been of a nature so extraordinary, that I am much at a loss to account for the cause: but when I consider your late steps, tending directly to ruin the service here, by inveigling away the militia of this garrison by your preposterous proposals, and causing them thereby to embezzle the arms of the government, purchased at an enormous expense, and at the same time to reflect infinite disgrace upon the honor of this colony, by attacking a set of people, which, notwithstanding the injury they have sustained by you in the loss of their people, yet continue to rely upon the professions of friendship which I have made, and deport themselves accordingly; I say, when I consider these matters, I must conclude you are actuated by a spirit of discord, so prejudicial to the peace and good order of society, that the conduct calls for justice, and due execution thereof can only check. I must once again order you to desist from your pernicious designs, and require of you, if you are an officer of militia, to send the deserters from this place back with all expedition, that they may be dealt with as their crimes merit.

"I am, sir, your servant,

"JOHN CONNOLY."

This letter, although short, contained so many things for remark and animadversion, that we scarcely know where to begin. It exhibits, however, a real picture of the man, and a mere superficial glance at its phraseology will prove that he is angry, and his nerves

^a During the government of Connolly in this place, he changed the name from Pitt to Dunmore, but subsequent events have blotted out Dunmore's name.

in a tremor. It is, in fact, an incoherent jumble of words and sentences, all in the disjunctive.

But it is a perfect original and anomaly in the epistolary line, and contains in itself internal marks of genuine authenticity.

The first thing in this letter that calls for our attention is the language he uses towards the people he calls "militia deserters," that they may be dealt with, he says, as their crimes merit. Now I pray you who were those people? Doubtless the respectable farmers and others in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. And what does this Mogul of the west intend to do with them? Why hang them, to be sure; for this is military law. But the true state of this case doubtless is, that these militia considered themselves free men; that they were not well pleased either with Connolly or garrison duty; that viewing their country in danger, and their wives and children exposed to savage barbarity they preferred more active service, and joined the standard of Capt. Cresap. And is this a new thing, or reprehensible? How often do our militia enter into the regular army, and whoever dreamed of hanging them for so doing?

But, secondly, we say it is possible Capt. Cresap did not know from whence these men came; and if he did, he deserves no censure for receiving them; and as to the charge of inveigling away the militia from the garrison, we know this must be positively false, because he was not in Pittsburgh in the year 1774, either personally or by proxy.

As to the general charge against Capt. Cresap, of attacking the Indians, and the great injury he had done them, I need only say that this charge is refuted again and again in the course of this history, and its unparalleled impudence especially, or the date of this letter, merits the deepest contempt. But the most extraordinary feature in this most extraordinary letter is couched in these words, namely, "that the Indians relied upon the expressions of friendship he made them and deported themselves accordingly."

Be astonished, O ye nations of the earth, and all ye kindreds of people at this! For be it remembered this is the 14th day of July, 1774, when Connolly has the unblushing impudence to assert that the Indians relied upon his expressions of friendship, and deported themselves accordingly, when at this very time we were engaged in the hottest part of Dunmore's war; when Dunmore himself was raising an army and personally on his way to take the command; when Lewis was on his march from Augusta county, Virginia, to the Ohio; when Cornstalk, with his Indian army, was in motion to meet Lewis; and when Capt. Cresap was actually raising a company to join Dunmore when he arrived. And it was while engaged in this business, that he received this letter from Connolly.

Now, if any man can account for this strange and extraordinary letter upon rational principles, let him do so if he can; he has more ingenuity and a more acute discernment than I have.

Soon after receiving this letter, Capt. Cresap left his company on the west side of the mountain and rode home, where he met the

part of Dunmore at his house, and where he (the Earl) remained a few days in habits of friendship and cordiality with the family. One day while the Earl was at his house, Capt. Cresap finding him alone, induced the subject of Connolly's ill-treatment, with a view, I suppose, of obtaining redress, or of exposing the character of a man he knew to be high in the estimation and confidence of the Earl. But what effect, suppose ye, had this remonstrance on the Earl? I'll tell you; it lathered him into a profound sleep. Ay, ay, thinks I to myself (young as I then was), this will not do, captain; there are wheels within wheels, dark things behind the curtain between this noble Earl and his sub-servile life.

Capt. Cresap was himself open, candid and unsuspecting, and I do not know what he thought, but I well remember my own thoughts upon this occasion.

But let us, as nearly as possible, finish our business with Connolly, although we must thereby get a little ahead of our history; yet, as already remarked, we think it less perplexing to the reader, than to give him here a little and there a little of this extraordinary character.

We find, then, that in the year 1775, Connolly, discovering that his sheep-skin would not cover him much longer, threw off the mask and fled to his friend Dunmore, who also, about the same time, was obliged to take sanctuary on board a British ship of war in the Chesapeake Bay. From this place, i. e. Portsmouth, Virginia, Connolly wrote the following letter to Col. John Gibson, who, no doubt, he supposed, possessed sentiments congenial to his own. It happened, however, that he was mistaken in his man, for Gibson exposed him, and put his letter into the hands of the commissioners who were holding a treaty with the Indians.

But let us see this letter. It is dated Portsmouth, Virginia, August 9th, 1775.

"DEAR SIR: I have safely arrived here, and am happy in the greatest degree at having so fortunately escaped the narrow inspection of my enemies, the enemies to their country's good order and government. I should esteem myself defective in point of friendship towards you, should I neglect to caution you to avoid an over-vigorous exertion of what is now ridiculously called patriotic spirit, but on the contrary to deport yourself with that moderation for which you have always been so remarkable, and which must in this instance tend to your honor and advantage. You may rest assured from me, sir, that the greatest unanimity now prevails at home, and the unswerving spirit among us here is looked upon as ungenerous and undutiful, and that the utmost exertion of the powers in government (if necessary) will be used in convincing the infatuated people of their folly.

"I would, I assure you, sir, give you such convincing proofs of the effects, and from which every reasonable person may conclude

far as to overlook his duty to the present constitution, and to form unwarrantable associations with *enthusiasts*, whose ill-timed folly must draw down upon them inevitable destruction. His lordship desires you to present his hand to Captain White-eyes (a Delaware Indian chief), and to assure him, he is sorry he had not the pleasure of seeing him at the treaty (a treaty held by Connolly in his name), or that the situation of affairs prevented him from coming down.

"Believe me, dear sir, that I have no motive in writing my sentiments thus to you, further than to endeavor to steer you clear of the misfortune which I am confident must involve but unhappily too many. I have sent you an address from the people of Great Britain to the people of America, and desire you to consider it attentively, which will, I flatter myself, convince you of the idleness of many determinations and the absurdity of an intended slavery.

"Give my love to George (his brother, afterwards a colonel in the Revolutionary War), and tell him he shall hear from me, and I hope to his advantage. Interpret the inclosed speech to Capt. White-eyes from his lordship. Be prevailed upon to shun the popular error, and judge for yourself, as a good subject, and expect the rewards due to your services.

"I am, &c.,

"JOHN CONNOLY."

The enclosed speech to White-eyes we shall see in its proper place, after we have finished our business with Connolly. It seems, then, that either a mistaken notion of his influence, or greatly deceived by his calculations on the support of Col. Gibson, his brother and friends, or in obedience to the solicitations of his friend Dummore, he undertakes (*incog.*) a hazardous journey from the Chesapeake Bay to Pittsburgh, in company, if I recollect right, with a certain Doctor Smith; but our Dutch republicans of Fredericktown, Maryland, smelt a rat, seized and imprisoned him, from whence he was removed to the Philadelphia jail, where we will leave him awhile to cool.

But let us now look at these two characters; Connolly uses every effort to destroy us and subvert our liberties, and Oressap marches to Boston with a company of riflemen to defend his country. If these men's actions afford us the true and best criterion to judge of their merit or demerit, we can be at no loss to decide on this occasion. Nor can there be any doubt that this man, so full of tender sensibility and sympathy for the suffering of the Indians, when arrested with his colleague (Smith) in Frederick, had a Pandora's box full of firebrands, arrows and death, to scatter among the inhabitants of the west.

But it is probable the reader, as well as the writer, is weary of such company; we therefore bid him adieu, and once more attend his excellency the governor of Virginia, whom we left, I think, on board a British sloop of war, in the Chesapeake Bay.

The reader has not forgotten, that we long since stated it as our opinion, that it was probable, and that we had strong reasons to

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believe, that Dunmore himself, from political motives, though acting
behind the scenes, was in reality at the bottom of the Indian war of
1774.

We have already alluded to several circumstances previous to
and during that war; but we have in reserve several more evincive
of the same fact subsequent to the war.

It may be remembered that at the treaty of Chillicothe, it was
remarked that some points were referred to future discussion at
Pittsburgh in the ensuing fall; and it appears that a treaty was
actually held by Connolly in Dunmore's name, with the chiefs of the
Delaware, and some Mingo tribes in the summer ensuing. This is
historically a fact, and matter of record, which I extract from the
minutes of a treaty, held in the autumn of the same year, with several
tribes of Indians, by commissioners from the Congress of the United
States and from Virginia.*

But to understand this perfectly, the reader must be informed,
that previous to this treaty Capt. Jas. Wood, afterward governor of
Virginia, was sent to that state as the herald of peace, with the olive
branch in his hand, to invite all the Indian tribes bordering on the
Ohio and its waters, to a treaty at Pittsburgh on the 10th day of
September following. Capt. Wood kept a journal, which is incor-
porated in the proceedings of the treaty, from which journal I copy
as follows: "July the 9th, I arrived (says he) at Fort Pitt, where I
received information that the chiefs of the Delawares and a few of
the Mingo had lately been treating with Maj. Connolly agreeably to
instructions from Lord Dunmore, and that the Shawnees had not come
to the treaty," &c.

Capt. Wood, however, acknowledges, in a letter he wrote to the
convention in Virginia from this place, that this treaty held by
Connolly was "in the most open and candid manner, that it was held
in the presence of the committee, and that he laid the governor's
instructions before them." Very good. But why these remarks
respecting Connolly and Dunmore? Does not this language imply
jealousy and suspicion, which Capt. Wood, who certainly was de-
sired, was anxious to remove? But to proceed. He says:

"July 10. White-eyes came with an interpreter to my lodging.
He informed me he was desirous of going to Williamsburg with Mr.
Connolly to see Lord Dunmore, who had promised him his interest
in procuring him a grant from the king for the lands claimed by the
Delawares; that they were all desirous of living as the white people
do, and under their laws and protection; that Lord Dunmore had
engaged to make him some satisfaction for his trouble in going sev-
eral times to the Shawnee towns, and serving with him on the cam-
paign, &c., &c. He told me he hoped I would advise him whether it
was proper for him to go or not. I was then under the necessity of

* The original minutes of this treaty are in my own possession. They were pre-
sented to me by my friend, John Madison, secretary of the Commissioners, with a
note to the remark, that they were of no use to them, but might be of some use to me.

acquainting him with the existing difficulties between Lord Dunmore and the people of Virginia, and engaged, whenever the assembly met, that I would go with him to Williamsburg, &c., &c. He was very thankful, and appeared satisfied."

The reader must observe this is July 10th, 1775, and he will please refer to pages 133 and 134, where he will see from Connolly's letter of August 9th, how much reliance was to be placed on his candor and sincerity, as stated by Capt. Wood to the convention on the 9th day of July. Thus we find that about thirty days after Capt. Wood's testimony in his favor, Connolly threw away the mask, and presented himself in his true character; and from his own confession and the tenor of his letter to Gibson, it is plain that the current of suspicion ran so strongly against him that he declared himself "most happy in escaping the vigilance of his enemies."

We owe the reader an apology for introducing this man again; but the fact is that Dunmore and Connolly are so identified in all the political movements of this period, that we can seldom see one without the other; and Connolly is the more prominent character, especially in the affairs of the west.

But we now proceed with Capt. Wood's journal. He tells us that on the 20th of July, he met Gerrit Pendergrass about nine o'clock; that he had just left the Delaware towns; that two days before, the Delawares had just returned from the Wyandott towns, where they had been at a grand council with a French and English officer, and the Wyandotts; that Monsieur Banbee and the English officer told them to be on their guard, that the white people intended to strike them very soon, &c.

July 21. At one o'clock, arriving at the Moravian Indian town, examined the minister (a Dutchman), concerning the council lately held with the Indians, &c., who confirmed the account before stated.

July 22. About ten o'clock arrived at Coshecton (a chief town of the Delawares), and delivered to their council a speech, which they answered on the 23d. After expressing their thankfulness for the speech and willingness to attend the proposed treaty at Pittsburgh, they delivered to Capt. Wood a belt and string they said was sent to them by an Englishman and Frenchman from Detroit, accompanied with a message that the people of Virginia were determined to strike them; that they would come upon them two different ways, the one by the way of the lakes, and the other by the way of the Ohio and to take their lands, that they must be constantly on their guard, and not to give any credit to whatever you said, as you were a people not to be depended upon; that the Virginians would invite them to a treaty, but that they must not go at any rate, and to take particular notice of the advice they gave, which proceeded from motives of real friendship.

Now by comparing and collating this with the speech sent by Dunmore, enclosed in Connolly's letter, it will furnish us with a squinting at the game that was playing with the Indians by the Earl of Dunmore and other British officers; to be convinced of which,

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"Brother Capt. White-eyes: I am glad to hear your good speeches as sent to me by Maj. Connolly, and you may be assured I shall put one end of the belt you have sent me into the hands of our great king, who will be glad to hear from his brothers, the Delawares, and will take strong hold of it. You may rest satisfied that our foolish young men shall never be permitted to have your lands; but on the contrary the great king will protect you, and preserve you in the possession of them.

"Our young people in this country have been very foolish, and done many imprudent things, for which they must soon be sorry, and of which I make no doubt they have acquainted you; but must desire you not to listen to them, as they would be willing you should act foolishly with themselves; but rather let what you hear pass in at one ear and out of the other, so that it may make no impression on your heart, until you hear from me fully, which shall be as soon as I can give further information.

"Capt. White-eyes will please acquaint the Cornstalk with these my sentiments, as well as the chiefs of the Mingos, and other six nations.

(Signed)

"DUNMORE."

It is scarcely necessary to remark here, that the flight of Dunmore from Williamsburg, of Connolly from Pittsburgh, this speech of Dunmore's, and the speech of the Delawares to Capt. Wood, are all nearly contemporaneous, and point the reader pretty clearly to the aspect of our affairs with the Indians at this period. Dunmore's speech, as you have it above, although pretty explicit, is yet guarded, as it had to pass through an equivocal medium; but he tells Captain White-eyes he shall hear from him "hereafter," and this "hereafter" speech was no doubt in Connolly's portmanteau when he was arrested in Frederiek.

But to conclude this tedious chapter, nothing more now seems necessary than to call the attention of the reader to those inferences that the facts and circumstances detailed in the foregoing pages seem to warrant.

The first circumstance in the order of events seems to be the extraordinary and contradictory conduct of Dunmore and Connolly respecting Captain Cresap. They certainly understood each other, and had one ultimate end in view; yet we find on all occasions Dunmore treats Cresap with the utmost confidence and cordiality, and that Connolly's conduct was continually the reverse, even outrageously insulting him, while under the immediate orders of Dunmore himself.

Secondly, we find Dunmore acting with duplicity and deception with Col. Lewis and his brigade, from Augusta county. So says Doddridge.

Thirdly, we find Capt. Cresap's name foisted into Logan's pretended speech, when it is evident, as we shall hereafter prove, that no names at all were mentioned in the original speech made for Logan.

Fourthly, it appears pretty plainly that much pains were taken by Dunmore, at the treaty of Chillicothe, to attach the Indian chiefs to his person, as appears from the facts that afterwards appeared.

Fifthly, the last speech from Dunmore to Capt. White-eyes and other Indian chiefs, sent in Connoly's letter to Gibson; to all which we may add, his lordship's nap of sleep while Cresap was stating his complaints against Connoly, and all Connoly's strange and unaccountable letters to Cresap.

I say, from all which it will appear that Dunmore had his views, and those views hostile to the liberties of America, in his proceedings with the Indians in the war of 1774, the circumstances of the times, in connection with his equivocal conduct, lead us almost naturally to infer that he knew pretty well what he was about, and among other things, he knew that a war with the Indians at this time would materially subserve the views and interest of Great Britain, and consequently he perhaps might feel it a duty to promote said war, and if not, why betray such extreme solicitude to single out some conspicuous character, and make him the scape-goat, to bear all the blame of this war, that he and his friend Connoly might escape?

CHAPTER III

THE DEATH OF CORNSTALK

This was one of the most atrocious murders committed by the whites during the whole course of the war (Dunmore's war).

In the summer of 1777, when the confederacy of the Indian nations, under the influence of the British government, was formed, and began to commit hostilities along our frontier settlements, Cornstalk, and a young chief of the name of Red-hawk, with another Indian, made a visit to the garrison at the Point, commanded at that time by Capt. Arbuckle. Cornstalk stated to the captain, that, with the exception of himself and the tribe to which he belonged, all the nations had joined the English, and that unless protected by the whites, "they would have to run with the stream."

Capt. Arbuckle thought proper to detain the Cornstalk chief and his two companions as hostages for the good conduct of the tribe to which they belonged. They had not been long in this situation before a son of Cornstalk, concerned for the safety of his father, came to the opposite side of the river and hallooed; his father knowing his voice, answered him. He was brought over the river. The father and son mutually embraced each other with the greatest tenderness.

On the day following, two Indians, who had concealed themselves in the weeds on the bank of the Kanawha opposite the fort, killed a man of the name of Gilmore, as he was returning from hunting. As soon as the dead body was brought over the river, there was a general cry amongst the men who were present, "Let us kill the Indians in the fort." They immediately ascended the bank of the river with Capt. Hall at their head, to execute their hasty resolution. On their way they were met by Capt. Stuart and Capt. Arbuckle, who endeavored to dissuade them from killing the Indian hostages, saying that they certainly had no concern in the murder of Gilmore. But remonstrance was in vain. Pale as death with rage, they cocked their guns and threatened the captains with instant death, if they should attempt to hinder them from executing their purpose.

When the murderers arrived at the house where the hostages were confined, Cornstalk rose up to meet them at the door, but instantly received seven bullets through his body; his son and his other two fellow-hostages were instantly dispatched with bullets and tomahawks.

Thus fell the Shawnee war chief Cornstalk, who, like Logan, his companion in arms, was conspicuous for intellectual talent, bravery and misfortune.

The biography of Cornstalk, as far as it is now known, goes to show that he was in no way deficient in those mental endowments

which constitute true greatness. On the evening preceding the battle of Point Pleasant, he proposed going over the river to the camp of Gen. Lewis, for the purpose of making peace. The majority in the council of warriors voted against the measure. "Well," said Cornstalk, "since you have resolved on fighting, you shall fight, although it is likely we shall have hard work tomorrow; but if any man shall attempt to run away from the battle, I will kill him with my own hand," and accordingly fulfilled his threat with regard to one cowardly fellow.

After the Indians had returned from the battle, Cornstalk called a council at the Chillicothe town, to consult what was to be done next. In this council he reminded the war chiefs of their folly in preventing him from making peace, before the fatal battle of Point Pleasant, and asked, "What shall we do now? The Long-knives are coming upon us by two routes. Shall we turn out and fight them?" All were silent. He then asked, "Shall we kill our squaws and children, and then fight until we shall all be killed ourselves?" To this no reply was made. He then rose up and stuck his tomahawk in the war-post in the middle of the council house, saying, "Since you are not inclined to fight, I will go and make peace;" and accordingly did so.

On the morning of the day of his death a council was held in the fort at the Point, in which he was present. During the sitting of the council, it is said that he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching fate. In one of his speeches, he remarked to the council, "When I was young, every time I went to war I thought it likely that I might return no more; but I still lived. I am now in your hands, and you may kill me if you choose. I can die but once, and it is alike to me whether I die now or at another time." When the men presented themselves before the door, for the purpose of killing the Indians, Cornstalk's son manifested signs of fear, on observing which, his father said, "Don't be afraid, my son; the Great Spirit sent you here to die with me, and we must submit to his will. It is all for the best."

This ever memorable campaign took place in the month of March, 1782. The weather, during the greater part of the month of February, had been uncommonly fine, so that the war parties from Sandusky visited the settlements, and committed depredations earlier than usual. The family of a William Wallace, consisting of his wife and five or six children, were killed, and John Carpenter taken prisoner. These events took place in the latter part of February. The early period at which these fatal visitations of the Indians took place led to the conclusion that the murderers were either Moravians, or that the warriors had had their winter quarters at their towns on the Muskingum. In either case, the Moravians being in fault, the safety of the frontier settlements required the destruction of their establishments at that place.

Accordingly between eighty and ninety men were hastily collected together for the fatal enterprise. They rendezvoused and encamped the first night on the Mingo Bottom, on the west side of the Ohio river. Each man furnished himself with his own arms, ammunition and provisions. Many of them had horses. The second day's march brought them within one mile of the middle Moravian town, where they encamped for the night. In the morning the men were divided into two equal parties, one of which was to cross the river about a mile above the town, their videttes having reported that there were Indians on both sides of the river. The other party was divided into three divisions, one of which was to take a circuit in the woods, and reach the river a little distance below the town, on the east side. Another division was to fall into the middle of the town, and the third at its upper end.

When the party which designed to make the attack on the west side had reached the river, they found no craft to take them over, but something like a canoe was seen on the opposite bank. The river was high with some floating ice. A young man of the name of Slaughter swam the river and brought over, not a canoe, but a trough designed for holding sugar water. This trough could carry but two men at a time. In order to expedite their passage, a number of men stripped off their clothes, put them into the trough, together with their guns, and swam by its side, holding its edges with their hands. When about sixteen had crossed the river, their two sentinels, who had been posted in advance, discovered an Indian whose name was Shabosh. One of them broke one of his arms by a shot. A shot from the other sentinel killed him. These heroes then scalped and tomahawked him.

By this time about sixteen men had got over the river, and supposing that the firing of the guns which killed Shabosh would lead to an instant discovery, they sent word to the party designed to attack the town on the east side of the river to move on instantly, which they did.

In the meantime, the small party which had crossed the river marched with all speed to the main town on the west side of the river. Here they found a large company of Indians gathering the corn which they had left in their fields the preceding fall when they removed to Sandusky. On the arrival of the men at the town, they professed peace and good will to the Moravians, and informed them that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt for their safety. The Indians surrendered, delivered up their arms, and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal, and began with all speed to prepare victuals for the white men and for themselves on their journey.

A party of white men and Indians was immediately dispatched to Salem, a short distance from Gnadenhutten, where the Indians were gathering in their corn, to bring them into Gnadenhutten. The party soon arrived with the whole number of the Indians from Salem.

In the meantime the Indians from Gnadenhutten were confined in two houses some distance apart, and placed under guard; and when those from Salem arrived, they were divided, and placed in the same houses with their brethren in Gnadenhutten.

The prisoners, being thus secured, a council of war was held to decide on their fate. The officers, unwilling to take on themselves the whole responsibility of the decision, agreed to refer the question to the whole number of the men. The men were accordingly drawn up in a line. The commandant of the party, Col. David Williamson, then put the question to them in form, "Whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburgh, or put to death, and requested that all those who were in favor of saving their lives should step out of the line and form a second rank." On this sixteen, some say eighteen, stepped out of the rank, and formed themselves into a second line; but alas! this line of mercy was far too short for that of vengeance.

The fate of the Moravians was then decided on, and they were told to prepare for death.

The prisoners, from the time they were placed in the guardhouse, foresaw their fate, and began their devotions by singing hymns, praying and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the mercy of the Saviour of men. When their fate was announced to them, these devoted people embraced, kissed, and bedewed each others' faces and bosoms with their mutual tears, asked pardon of the brothers and sisters for any offense they might have given them through life. Thus, at peace with their God and each other, on being asked by those who were impatient for the slaughter, "whether

they were ready to die!" they answered "that they had consummated their souls to God and were ready to die."

The particulars of this dreadful catastrophe are too horrid to relate. Suffice it to say, that in a few minutes these two slaughtered, as they were then called, exhibited in their ghastly interior, the mangled, bleeding remains of these poor unfortunate people, of all ages and sexes, from the aged, grey headed parent, down to the helpless infant at the mother's breast, dismembled by the fatal wounds of the tomahawk, mallet, war club, spear and scalping knife.

Thus, O Benign and Zealous! faithful missionaries, who devoted your whole lives to incessant toil and sufferings in your endeavor to make the wilderness of paganism "rejoice and blossom as the rose," in faith and piety to God! thus perished your faithful followers, by the murderous hand of the more than savage white men. Faithful pastors! Your spirits are again unquieted with those of your flock, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!"

The number of the slain, as reported by the men on their return from the campaign, was eighty-seven or eighty-nine; but the Mohican account, which no doubt is correct, makes the number thirty-six. Of these, sixty-two were grown persons, one-third of whom were women; the remaining thirty-four were children. All these, with few exceptions, were killed in the houses. Shabesh was killed about a mile above the town, on the west side of the river. His wife was killed while endeavoring to conceal herself in a bunch of bushes at the water's edge, on the arrival of the men at the town, on the east side of the river. A man at the same time was shot in a canoe, while attempting to make his escape from the east to the west side of the river. Two others were shot while attempting to escape by swimming the river. A few men, who were supposed to be warlike, were tied and taken some distance from the slaughtered houses, to be tomahawked. One of these had liked to have made his escape at the expense of the life of one of the savages. The rope by which he was led was of some length. The two men who were conducting him to death fell into a dispute who should have the scalp. The Indian while marching with a kind of dancing motion, and singling his death song, drew a knife from a scabbard suspended from his neck, cut the rope, and aimed at stabbing one of the men; but the jerk of the rope unloosened the man to look around. The Indian then fled towards the woods, and while running, despatched another the rope from his wrists. He was instantly pursued by several men who fired at him, one of whom wounded him in the arm. After a few shots the firing was forbidden, for the men might kill each other as they were running in a straggling manner. A young man then mounted a horse and pursued the Indian, who when overtaken struck the horse on the hind with a club. The rider sprang from the horse, on which the Indian seized, threw him down and drew his tomahawk to kill him. At that instant, one of the party got near enough to

about the Indian, which he did merely in time to save the life of his companion.

Of the whole number of Indians at Gnadenhutten and Salem, only two made their escape. These were two lads of fourteen or fifteen years of age. One of them, after being knocked down and scalped, but not killed, had the presence of mind to lie still among the dead, until the dusk of the evening, when he silently crept out of the door and made his escape. The other lad slipped through a trap door into the cellar of one of the slaughter-houses, from which he made his escape through a small cellar window.

These two lads were fortunate in getting together in the woods the same night. Another lad, somewhat larger, in attempting to pass through the window, it is supposed stuck fast and was burnt alive.

The Indians of the upper town were apprised of their danger in due time to make their escape, two of them having found the mangled body of Shabosh. Providentially they all made their escape, although they might have been easily overtaken by the party, if they had undertaken their pursuit. A division of the men was ordered to go to Shonenon; but finding the place deserted, they took what plunder they could find, and returned to their companions without looking farther after the Indians.

After the work of death was finished, and the plunder secured, all the buildings in the town were set on fire and the slaughter-houses among the rest. The dead bodies were thus consumed to ashes. A rapid retreat to the settlements finished the campaign.

Such were the principal events of this horrid affair. A massacre of innocent, unoffending people, dishonorable not only to our country, but human nature itself.

Before making any remarks on the causes which led to the disgraceful events under consideration, it may be proper to notice the manner in which the enterprise was conducted, as furnishing evidence that the murder of the Moravians was intended, and that no resistance from them was anticipated.

In a military point of view, the Moravian campaign was conducted in the very worst manner imaginable. It was undertaken at so early a period, that a deep fall of snow, a thing very common in the early part of March, in former times, would have defeated the enterprise. When the army came to the river, instead of constructing a sufficient number of rafts to transport the requisite number over the river at once, they commenced crossing in a sugar trough, which could carry only two men at a time, thus jeopardizing the safety of those who first went over. The two sentinels who shot Shabosh, according to military law, ought to have been executed on the spot for having fired without orders, thereby giving premature notice of the approach of our men. The truth is, nearly the whole number of the army ought to have been transported over the river; for after all their forces employed, and precaution used in getting

possession of the town on the east side of the river, there were but one man and one squaw found in it, all the others being on the other side. This circumstance they ought to have known beforehand, and acted accordingly. The Indians on the west side of the river amounted to about eighty, and among them above thirty men, besides a number of young lads, all possessed of guns and well accustomed to the use of them; yet this large number was attacked by about sixteen men. If they had really anticipated resistance, they deserved to lose their lives for their rashness. It is presumable, however, that having full confidence in the pacific principles of the Moravians, they did not expect resistance; but calculated on blood and plunder without having a shot fired at them. If this was really the case, the author leaves it to justice to find, if it can, a name for the transaction.

One can hardly help reflecting with regret, that these Moravians did not for the moment lay aside their pacific principles and do themselves justice. With a mere show of defense, or at most a few shots, they might have captured and disarmed those few men, and held them as hostages for the safety of their people and property until they could have removed them out of their way. This they might have done on the easiest terms, as the remainder of the army could not have crossed the river without their permission as there was but one canoe at the place, and the river too high to be forded. But alas! these truly Christian people suffered themselves to be betrayed by hypocritical professions of friendship, until "they were led as sheep to the slaughter." Over this horrid deed humanity must shed tears of commiseration, as long as the record of it shall remain.

Let not the reader suppose that I have presented him with a mere imaginary possibility of defense on the part of the Moravians. This defense would have been an easy task. Our people did not go on that campaign with a view of fighting. There may have been some brave men among them; but they were far from being all such. For my part, I cannot suppose for a moment that any white man, who can harbor a thought of using his arms for the killing of women and children in any case, can be a brave man. No, he is a murderer.

The history of the Moravian settlement on the Muskingum, and the peculiar circumstances of their inhabitants during the revolutionary contest between Great Britain and America, deserve a place here.

In the year 1772, the Moravian villages were commenced by emigrations from Friedenshntton, on the Big Beaver, and from Wyslusing and Sheshequon on the Susquehanna. In a short time they rose to a considerable extent and prosperity, containing upwards of four hundred people. During the summer of Dunmore's war, they were much annoyed by war parties of the Indians, and disturbed by perpetual rumors of the ill-intentions of the white people of the frontier settlements towards them; yet their labors, schools and religious exercises, went on without interruption.

In the Revolutionary War, which began in 1775, the situation of the Moravian settlements was truly deplorable. The English had associated with their own means of warfare against the Americans, the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the merciless Indians. These allies of England committed the most horrid depredations along the whole extent of our defenseless frontier. From early in the spring until late in the fall, the early settlers of the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania had to submit to the severest hardships and privations. Cooped up in little stockade forts, they worked their little fields in parties under arms, guarded by sentinels, and were doomed from day to day to witness or hear reports of the murders or captivity of their people, the burning of their houses, and the plunder of their property.

The war with the English fleets and armies, on the other side of the mountains, was of such a character as to engage the whole attention and resources of our government, so that, poor as the first settlers of this country were, they had to bear almost the whole burden of the war during the revolutionary contest. They chose their own officers, furnished their own means, and conducted the war in their own way. Thus circumstances, "they became a law unto themselves," and on certain occasions perpetrated acts which government was compelled to disapprove. This lawless temper of our people was never fully dissipated until the conclusion of the whiskey rebellion in 1794.

The Moravian villages were situated between the settlements of the whites and the towns of the warriors, about sixty miles from the former, and not much farther from the latter. On this account they were denominated "the half-way houses of the warriors." Thus placed between two rival powers engaged in furious warfare, the preservation of their neutrality was no easy task, perhaps impossible. If it requires the same physical force to preserve a neutral station among belligerent nations that it does to prosecute a war, as is unquestionably the case, this pacific people had no chance for the preservation of theirs. The very goodness of their hearts, their aversion to the shedding of human blood, brought them into difficulties with both parties. When they sent their runners to Fort Pitt, to inform us of the approach of the war parties, or received, fed, arrested and sent home prisoners, who had made their escape from the savages, they made breaches of their neutrality as to the belligerent Indians. Their furnishing the warriors with a resting place and provisions was contrary to their neutral engagements to us; but their local situation rendered these accommodations to the warriors unavoidable on their part, as the warriors possessed both the will and the means to compel them to give whatever they wanted from them.

The powerful Indians first fell under suspicion with the Indian warriors and the English commandant at Detroit, to whom it was reported that their teachers were in their country.

American Congress, for preventing not only their own people, but also the Delawares and some other nations, from associating their arms with those of the British for carrying on the war against the American colonies.

The frequent failures of the war expeditions of the Indians was attributed to the Moravians, who often sent runners to Fort Pitt to give notice of their approach. This charge against them was certainly not without foundation. In the spring of the year 1781 the war chiefs of the Delawares fully apprised the missionaries and their followers of their danger both from the whites and Indians, and requested them to remove to a place of safety from both. This request was not complied with, and the almost prophetic predictions of the chiefs were literally fulfilled.

In the fall of the year 1781, the settlements of the Moravians were broken up by upwards of three hundred warriors, and the missionaries taken prisoners, after being robbed of almost everything. The Indians were left to shift for themselves in the barren plains of Sandusky, where most of their horses and cattle perished from famine during the winter. The missionaries were taken prisoners to Detroit; but after an examination by the governor, were permitted to return to their beloved people again.

In the latter part of February, a party of about one hundred and fifty of the Moravian Indians returned to their deserted villages on the Muskingum, to procure corn to keep their families and cattle from starving. Of these, ninety-six fell into the hands of Williamson and his party, and were murdered.

The causes which led to the murder of the Moravians are now to be detailed.

The pressure of the Indian war along the whole of the Western frontier, for several years preceding the event under consideration, had been dreadfully severe. From early in the spring, until the commencement of the winter, from day to day murders were committed in every direction by the Indians. The people lived in forts which were in the highest degree uncomfortable. The men were harrassed continually with the duties of going on scouts and campaigns. There was scarcely a family of the first settlers who did not, at some time or other, lose more or less of their number by the merciless Indians. Their cattle were killed, their cabins burned, and their horses carried off. These losses were severely felt by a people so poor as we were at that time. Thus circumstanced, our people were exasperated to madness by the extent and severity of the war. The unavailing endeavors of the American Congress to prevent the Indians from taking up the hatchet against either side in the revolutionary contest, contributed much to increase the general indignation against them. At the same time those pacific endeavors of our government divided the Indians amongst themselves on the question of war or peace with the whites. The Moravians, part of the Delawares, and some others faithfully endeavored to preserve peace, but in vain. The Indian

maxim was, "he that is not for us is against us." Hence the Moravian missionaries and their followers were several times on the point of being murdered by the warriors. This would have been done had it not been for the prudent conduct of some of the war chiefs.

On the other hand, the local situation of the Moravian villages excited the jealousy of the white people. If they took no direct agency in the war, yet they were as they were then called, "half-way houses" between us and the warriors, at which the latter could stop, rest, refresh themselves, and traffic off their plunder. Whether these aids, thus given to our enemies, were contrary to the laws of neutrality between belligerents, is a question which I willingly leave to the decision of civilians. On the part of the Moravians they were unavoidable. If they did not give or sell provisions to the warriors, they would take them by force. The fault was in their situation, not in themselves.

The longer the war continued the more our people complained of the situation of these Moravian villages. It was said that it was owing to their being so near us, that the warriors commenced their depredations so early in the spring, and continued them until so late in the fall.

In the latter end of the year 1781, the militia of the frontier came to a determination to break up the Moravian villages on the Muskingum. For this purpose a detachment of our men went out under the command of Col. David Williamson, for the purpose of inducing the Indians with their teachers to move farther off, or bring them prisoners to Fort Pitt. When they arrived at the villages they found but few Indians, the greater number of them having removed to Sandusky. These few were well treated, taken to Fort Pitt, and delivered to the commandant of that station, who after a short detention sent them home again.

This procedure gave great offense to the people of the country, who thought the Indians ought to have been killed. Col. Williamson, who, before this little campaign, had been a very popular man on account of his activity and bravery in war, now became the subject of severe animadversion on account of his lenity to the Moravian Indians. In justice to his memory I have to say that, although at that time very young, I was personally acquainted with him, and from my recollection of his conversation, I say with confidence that he was a brave man, but not cruel. He would meet an enemy in battle and fight like a soldier, but not murder a prisoner. Had he possessed the authority of a superior officer in a regular army, I do not believe that a single Moravian Indian would have lost his life; but he possessed no such authority. He was only a militia officer, who could advise, but not command. His only fault was that of too easy a compliance with popular opinion and popular prejudice. On this account his memory has been loaded with unmerited reproach.

Several reports unfavorable to the Moravians had been in circulation for some time before the campaign against them. One

was, that the night after they were liberated at Fort Pick, they crossed the river and killed or made prisoners a family by the name of Monteith. A family on Buffalo Creek had been mostly killed in the summer or the fall of 1784; and it was said by one of them, who, after being made a prisoner, made his escape, that the leader of the party of Indians who did the mischief was a Moravian. These with other reports of a similar import, served as a pretext for their destruction, although no doubt they were utterly false.

Should it be asked what sort of people composed the band of murderers or these unfortunate people? I answer they were not miscreants or vagabonds; many of them were men of the first standing in the country; many of them were men who had recently lost relatives by the hands of the savages. Several of the latter class found articles which had been plundered from their own houses, or those of their relations, in the houses of the Moravians. One man, it is said, found the clothes of his wife and children, who had been murdered by the Indians a few days before; they were still bloody; yet there was no unequivocal evidence that these people had any direct agency in the war. Whatever of our property was found with them had been left by the warriors in exchange for the provisions which they took from them. When attacked by our people, although they might have defended themselves, they did not; they never fired a single shot. They were prisoners and had been promised protection. Every dictate of justice and humanity required that their lives should be spared. The complaint of their villages being "half-way houses for the warriors," was at an end, as they had been removed to Sandusky the fall before. It was therefore an atrocious and unpunished murder. But by whom committed—by a majority of the campaign? For the honor of my country, I hope I may safely answer this question in the negative. It was one of those convulsions of the moral state of society, in which the voice of the justice and humanity of a majority is silenced by the clamor and violence of a lawless minority. Very few of our men imbued their hands in the blood of the Moravians. Even those who had not voted for saving their lives, retired from the scene of slaughter with horror and disgust. Why then did they not give their votes in their favor? The fear of public indignation restrained them from doing so. They thought well, but had not heroic enough to express their opinion. Those who did so deserve honorable mention for their intrepidity. So far as it may hereafter be in my power, this honor shall be done them, while the names of the murderers shall not stain the pages of history, from my pen at least.

CHAPTER VII

THE INDIAN SUMMER

As connected with the history of the Indian wars of the western country, it may not be amiss to give an explanation of the term "Indian Summer."

This expression, like many others, has continued in general use, notwithstanding its original import has been forgotten. A back-woodsman seldom hears this expression without feeling a chill of horror, because it brings to his mind the painful recollection of its original application. Such is the force of the faculty of association in human nature.

The reader must here be reminded that, during the long continued Indian wars sustained by the first settlers of the west, they enjoyed no peace excepting in the winter season, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make their excursions into the settlements. The onset of winter was therefore hailed as a jubilee by the early inhabitants of the country, who, throughout the spring and early part of the fall, had been cooped up in their little uncomfortable forts, and subjected to all the distresses of the Indian wars.

At the approach of winter, therefore, all the farmers, excepting the owner of the fort, removed to their cabins on their farms, with the joyful feelings of a tenant of a prison recovering his release from confinement. All was bustle and hilarity in preparing for winter, by gathering in the corn, digging potatoes, fattening hogs, and repairing the cabins. To our forefathers the gloomy months of winter were more pleasant than the zephyrs and the flowers of May.

It, however, sometimes happened, after the apparent onset of winter, the weather became warm; the smoky time commenced, and lasted for a considerable number of days. This was the Indian Summer, because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlements with their destructive warfare. The melting of the snow saddened every countenance, and the genial warmth of the sun chilled every heart with horror. The apprehension of another visit from the Indians, and of being driven back to the detested fort, was painful in the highest degree, and the distressing apprehension was frequently realized.

Toward the latter part of February we commonly had a fine spell of open warm weather, during which the snow melted away. This was denominated the "pawpawing days," from the supposition that the Indians were then holding their war councils, for planning off their spring campaigns into the settlements. Sad experience taught us that in this conjecture we were not often mistaken.

Sometimes it happened that the Indians ventured to make their excursions too late in the fall or too early in the spring for their own convenience.

A man of the name of John Carpenter was taken early in the month of March, in the neighborhood of what is now Wellsburg. There had been several warm days, but on the night preceding his capture there was a heavy fall of snow. His two horses, which they took with him, nearly perished in swimming the Ohio. The Indians as well as himself suffered severely with the cold before they reached the Moravian towns on the Muskingum. In the morning after the first day's journey beyond the Moravian towns, the Indians sent out Carpenter to bring in the horses, which had been turned out in the evening, after being hobbled. The horses had made a circuit, and fallen into the trail by which they came, and were making their way homeward.

When Carpenter overtook them, and had taken off their fetters, he had, as he said, to make a most awful decision. He had a chance and barely a chance to make his escape, with a certainty of death should he attempt it without success; while on the other hand, the horrible prospect of being tortured to death by fire presented itself. As he was the first prisoner taken that spring, of course the general custom of the Indians, of burning the first prisoner every spring, doomed him to the flames.

After spending a few minutes in making his decision, he resolved on attempting an escape, and effected it by way of Forts Laurens, Meltosh and Pittsburgh. If I recollect rightly, he brought both his horses home with him. This happened in the year 1782. The capture of Mr. Carpenter, and the murder of two families about the same time, that is to say, in the two or three first days of March, contributed materially to the Moravian campaign, and the murder of that unfortunate people.

CHAPTER VIII

GEN. CRAWFORD'S CAMPAIGN

This, in one point of view at least, is to be considered as a second Moravian campaign, an one of its objects was that of finishing the work of murder and plunder with the Christian Indians at their new establishment on the Sandusky. The next object was that of destroying the Wyandotte towns on the same river. It was the resolution of all those concerned in this expedition, not to spare the life of any Indians that might fall into their hands, whether friends or foes. It will be seen in the sequel that the result of this campaign was widely different from that of the Moravian campaign the preceding March.

It should seem that the long continuance of the Indian war had debased a considerable portion of our population to the savage state of our nature. Having lost so many relatives by the Indians, and witnessed their horrid murders and other depredations on so extensive a scale, they became subjects of that indiscriminate thirst for revenge, which is such a prominent feature in the savage character; and having had a taste of blood and plunder, without risk or loss on their part, they resolved to go on and kill every Indian they could find, whether friend or foe.

Preparations for this campaign commenced soon after the close of the Moravian campaign, in the month of March; and as it was intended to make what was called at that time "a dash," that is, an enterprise conducted with secrecy and despatch, the men were all mounted on the best horses they could procure. They furnished themselves with all their outfit, except some ammunition, which was furnished by the Lieutenant-colonel of Washington county.

On the 25th of May, 1782, four hundred and eighty men mustered at the old Mingo towns, on the western side of the Ohio river. They were all volunteers from the immediate neighborhood of the Ohio, with the exception of one company from Ten Mile, in Washington county. Here an election was held for the office of commander-in-chief for the expedition. The candidates were Col. Williamson and Col. Crawford. The latter was the successful candidate. When notified of his appointment it is said that he accepted it with apparent reluctance.

The army marched along "Williamson's trail," as it was then called, until they arrived at the Upper Moravian town, in the fields belonging to which there was still plenty of corn on the stalks, with which their horses were plentifully fed during the night of their encampment there.

Shortly after the army halted at this place, two Indians were discovered by three men, who had walked some distance out of the

camp. Three shots were fired at one of them, but without hurting him. As soon as the news of the discovery of Indians had reached the camp, more than one-half of the men rushed out without command, and in the most tumultuous manner, to see what happened. From that time, Col. Crawford felt a presentiment of the defeat which followed.

The truth is, that notwithstanding the secrecy and dispatch of the enterprise, the Indians were beforehand with our people. They saw the rendezvous on the Mingo Bottom, and knew their number and destination. They visited every encampment immediately on their leaving it, and saw from their writing on the trees and scraps of paper, that "no quarter was to be given to any Indian, whether man, woman or child."

Nothing material happened during their march until the 6th of June, when their guides conducted them to the site of the Moravian villages, on one of the upper branches of the Sandusky river; but here, instead of meeting with Indians and plunder, they met with nothing but vestiges of desolation. The place was covered with high grass; and the remains of a few huts above announced that the place had been the residence of the people whom they intended to destroy, but who had moved off to Seioto some time before.

In this dilemma, what was to be done? The officers held a council, in which it was determined to march one day longer in the direction of Upper Sandusky, and if they should not reach the town in the course of the day, to make a retreat with all speed.

The march was commenced on the next morning through the plains of Sandusky, and continued until about two o'clock, when the advance guard was attacked and driven in by the Indians, who were discovered in large numbers in the high grass with which the place was covered. The Indian army was at that moment about entering a piece of woods, almost entirely surrounded by plains; but in this they were disappointed by a rapid movement of our men. The battle then commenced by a heavy fire from both sides. From a partial possession of the woods which they had gained at the onset of the battle, the Indians were soon dislodged. They then attempted to gain a small skirt of wood on our right flank, but were prevented from doing so by the vigilance and bravery of Maj. Lect, who commanded the right wing of the army at that time. The firing was incessant and heavy until dark, when it ceased. Both armies lay on their arms during the night. Both adopted the policy of kindling large fires along the line of battle, and then retiring some distance in the rear of them, to prevent being surprised by a night attack. During the conflict of the afternoon three of our men were killed and several wounded.

In the morning our army occupied the battle ground of the preceding day. The Indians made no attack during the day, until late in the evening, but were seen in large bodies traversing the plains

in various directions. Some of them appeared to be employed in carrying off their dead and wounded.

In the morning of this day, a council of the officers was held, in which a retreat was resolved on as the only means of saving their army, the Indians appearing to increase in numbers every hour. During the sitting of this council, Col. Williamson proposed taking one hundred and fifty volunteers, and marching directly to Upper Sandusky. This proposition the commander-in-chief prudently rejected, saying, "I have no doubt but that you would reach the town, but you would find nothing there but empty wigwams; and having taken off so many of our best men, you would leave the rest to be destroyed by the hosts of Indians with which we are now surrounded, and on your return they would attack and destroy you. They care nothing about defending their towns—they are worth nothing. Their squaws, children and property, have been removed from them long since. Our lives and baggage are what they want, and if they can get us divided they will soon have them. We must stay together and do the best we can."

During this day preparations were made for a retreat by burying the dead and burning fires over their graves to prevent discovery, and preparing means for carrying off the wounded. The retreat was to commence in the course of the night. The Indians, however, became apprised of the intended retreat, and about sundown attacked the army with great force and fury, in every direction excepting that of Sandusky.

When the line of march was formed by the commander-in-chief, and the retreat commenced, our guides prudently took the direction of Sandusky, which afforded the only opening in the Indian lines and the only chance of concealment. After marching about a mile in this direction, the army wheeled about to the left, and by a circuitous route gained the trail by which they came, before day. They continued their march the whole of next day, with a trifling annoyance from the Indians, who fired a few distant shots at the rear guard, which slightly wounded two or three men. At night they built fires, took their suppers, secured the horses and resigned themselves to repose, without placing a single sentinel or vidette for safety. In this careless situation, they might have been surprised and cut off by the Indians, who, however, gave them no disturbance during the night, nor afterwards during the whole of their retreat. The number of those composing the main body in the retreat was supposed to be about three hundred.

Most unfortunately, when a retreat was resolved on, a difference of opinion prevailed concerning the best mode of effecting it. The greater number thought it best to keep in a body and retreat as fast as possible, while a considerable number thought it safest to break off in small parties, and make their way home in different directions, avoiding the route by which they came. Accordingly many attempted to do so, calculating that the whole body of the Indians would

follow the main army. In this they were entirely mistaken. The Indians paid but little attention to the main body of the army, but pursued the small parties with such activity, that but very few of those who composed them made their escape.

The only successful party who was detached from the main army, was that of about forty men under the command of a Capt. Williamson, who, pretty late in the night of the retreat, broke through the Indian lines under a severe fire and with some loss, and overtook the main army on the morning of the second day of the retreat.

For several days after the retreat of our army, the Indians were spread over the whole country, from Sandusky to the Muskingum, in pursuit of the straggling parties, most of whom were killed on the spot. They even pursued them almost to the banks of the Ohio. A man of the name of Mills was killed, two miles to the eastward of the site of St. Clairsville, in the direction of Wheeling from that place. The number killed in this way must have been very great; the precise amount, however, was never fairly ascertained.

At the commencement of the retreat, Col. Crawford placed himself at the head of the army, and continued there until they had gone about a quarter of a mile, when missing his son, John Crawford, his son-in-law, Maj. Harrison, and his nephews, Maj. Rose and William Crawford, he halted and called for them as the line passed, but without finding them. After the army had passed him, he was unable to overtake it, owing to the weariness of his horse. Falling in company with Dr. Knight and two others, they traveled all the night, first north and then to the east, to avoid the pursuit of the Indians. They directed their course during the night by the north star.

On the next day they fell in with Capt. John Biggs and Lieut. Ashley, the latter of whom was severely wounded. There were two others in the company with Biggs and Ashley. They encamped together the succeeding night. On the next day, while on their march, they were attacked by a party of Indians, who made Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight prisoners. The other four made their escape; but Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley were killed the next day.

Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight were immediately taken to an Indian encampment, at a short distance from the place where they were captured. Here they found nine fellow prisoners and seventeen Indians. On the next day they were marched to the old Wyandot town, and on the next morning were paraded, to set off, as they were told, to go to the new town. But what a very different destination awaited these captives! Nine of the prisoners were marched off some distance before the colonel and the doctor, who were conducted by Pipe and Wingemond, two Delaware chiefs. Four of the prisoners were tomahawked and scalped on the way, at different places.

Preparations had been made for the execution of Col. Crawford, by setting a post about fifteen feet high in the ground, and making a large fire of hickory poles about six yards from it. About half a mile from the place of execution, the remaining five of the nine prisoners were tomahawked and scalped by a number of squaws and boys.

When arrived at the fire, the colonel was stripped and ordered to sit down. He was then severely beaten with sticks, and afterwards tied to the post by a rope of such length as to allow him to walk two or three times around it, and then back again. This done, they began the torture by discharging a great number of loads of powder upon him, from head to foot; after which they began to apply the burning ends of the hickory poles, the squaws in the meantime throwing coals and hot ashes on his body, so that in a little time he had nothing but coals to walk on. In the midst of his sufferings, he begged of the noted Simon Girty to take pity on him and shoot him. Girty tauntingly answered, "You see I have no gun; I cannot shoot;" and laughed heartily at the scene. After suffering about three hours he became faint and fell down on his face. An Indian then scalped him, and an old squaw threw a quantity of burning coals on the place from which the scalp was taken. After this he rose and walked around the post a little, but did not live much longer. After he expired, his body was thrown into the fire and consumed to ashes.* Col. Crawford's son and son-in-law were executed at the Shawnee towns.

Dr. Knight was doomed to be burned at a town about forty miles distant from Sandusky, and committed to the care of a young Indian to be taken there. The first day they traveled about twenty-five miles, and encamped for the night. In the morning, the gouts being very troublesome, the doctor requested the Indian to bathe him, that he might help him to make a fire to keep them off. With this request the Indian complied. While the Indian was on his knees and elbows, blowing the fire, the doctor caught up a piece of a test pole which had been burned in two, about eighteen inches long, with which he struck the Indian on the head with all his might, so as to knock him forward into the fire. The stick however broke, so that the Indian, although severely hurt, was not killed, but immediately sprang up. On this the doctor caught up the Indian's gun to shoot him, but drew back the cock with so much violence that he broke the main spring. The Indian ran off with hideous yelling. Dr. Knight then made the best of his way home, which he reached in twenty-one days, almost famished to death. The gun being of no use, after carrying it a day or two he left it behind. On his journey he subsisted on roots, a few young birds and berries.

A Mr. Slover, who had been a prisoner among the Indians, and was one of the pilots of the army, was also taken prisoner to one of

* Fourth Edition Note.—According to Mrs. Pease, herself a captive, the execution of Crawford was to avenge the killing of Cornstalk.

the Shawnee towns on the Scioto. After being there a few days, and as he thought, in favor with the Indians, a council of the chiefs was held, in which it was resolved that he should be burned. The fires were kindled, and he was blackened and tied to a stake, in an uncovered end of the council-house. Just as they were about commencing the torture, there came up suddenly a heavy thunder gust, with a great fall of rain which put out the fires. After the rain was over the Indians concluded that it was then too late to commence and finish the torture that day, and therefore postponed it until the next day. Slover was then loosened from the stake, conducted to an empty house, to a log of which he was fastened with a buffalo tug around his neck, while his arms were pinioned behind him with a cord. Until late in the night the Indians sat up smoking and talking. They frequently asked Slover how he would like to eat fire the next day. At length one of them laid down and went to sleep; the other continued smoking and talking with Slover. Some time after midnight, he also laid down and went to sleep. Slover then resolved to make an effort to get loose if possible, and soon extricated one of his hands from the cord, and then fell to work with the tug round his neck, but without effect. He had not been long engaged in these efforts, before one of the Indians got up and smoked his pipe awhile. During this time Slover kept very still for fear of an examination. The Indian laying down, the prisoner renewed his efforts, but for some time without effect, and he resigned himself to his fate. After resting for awhile, he resolved to make another and a last effort, and as he related, put his hand to the tug, and without difficulty, slipped it over his head. The day was just then breaking. He sprang over a fence into a corn field, but had proceeded but a little distance in the field, before he came across a squaw and several children, lying asleep under a mulberry tree. He then changed his course for part of the commons of the town, on which he saw some horses feeding. Passing over the fence from the corn field, he found a piece of an old quilt. This he took with him, and was the only covering he had. He then untied the cord from the other arm, which by this time was very much swelled. Having selected, as he thought, the best horse on the commons, he tied the cord to his lower jaw, mounted him and rode off at full speed. The horse gave out about ten o'clock, so that he had to leave him. He then traveled on foot with a stick in one hand, with which he put the weeds behind him, for fear of being tracked by the Indians. In the other he carried a bunch of bushes to brush the gnats and mosquitoes from his naked body. Being perfectly acquainted with the route, he reached the River Ohio in a short time, almost famished with hunger and exhausted with fatigue.

Thus ended this disastrous campaign. It was the last one which took place in this section of the country during the revolutionary contest of the Americans with the mother country. It was undertaken with the very worst of views, those of murder and plunder.

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It was conducted without sufficient means to encounter, with any prospect of success, the large force of Indians opposed to ours in the plains of Sandusky. It was conducted without that subordination and discipline, so requisite to insure success in any hazardous enterprise, and it ended in a total discomfiture. Never did an enterprise more completely fail of attaining its object. Never, on any occasion, had the ferocious savages more ample revenge for the murder of their pacific friends, than that which they obtained on this occasion.

Should I be asked what considerations led so great a number of people into this desperate enterprise—why with so small a force and such slender means they pushed on so far as the plains of Sandusky? I reply, that many believed that the Moravian Indians, taking no part in the war, and having given offense to the warriors on several occasions, their belligerent friends would not take up arms in their behalf. In this conjecture they were sadly mistaken. They did defend them with all the force at their command, and no wonder, for notwithstanding their Christian and pacific principles, the warriors still regarded the Moravians as their relations, whom it was their duty to defend.

The reflections which naturally arise out of the history of the Indian war in the western country, during our revolutionary contest with Great Britain, are not calculated to do honor to human nature, even in its civilized state. On our side, indeed, as to our infant government, the case is not so bad. Our Congress faithfully endeavored to prevent the Indians from taking part in the war on either side. The English government, on the other hand, made allies of as many of the Indian nations as they could, and they imposed no restraint on their savage mode of warfare. On the contrary, the commandants at their posts along our western frontier received and paid the Indians for scalps and prisoners. Thus the skin of a white man's or even a woman's head served in the hands of the Indian as current coin, which he exchanged for arms and ammunition, for the further prosecution of his barbarous warfare, and clothing to cover his half naked body. Were not these rewards the price of blood? of blood shed in a cruel manner, on an extensive scale; but without advantage to that government which employed the savages in their warfare against their relatives and fellow Christians, and paid for their murders by the peace!

The enlightened historian must view the whole of the Indian war from the commencement of the revolutionary contest, in no other light than a succession of the most wanton murders of all ages, from helpless infancy to decrepit old age, and of both sexes, without object and without effect.

On our side, it is true, the pressure of the war along our Atlantic border was such that our government could not furnish the means for making a conquest of the Indian nations at war against us. The people of the western country, poor as they were at that time, and unaided by government, could not subdue them. Our campaigns

hastily undertaken, without sufficient force and means, and illly executed, resulted in nothing beneficial. On the other hand, the Indians, with the aids their allies could give them in the western country, were not able to make a conquest of the settlement on this side of the mountains. On the contrary, our settlements and the forts belonging to them became stronger and stronger from year to year during the whole continuance of the wars. It was therefore a war of mutual, but unavailing slaughter, devastation and revenge, over whose record humanity still drops a tear of regret, but that tear cannot efface its disgraceful history.

CHAPTER XVII

HORSE FURNITURE AND DIET

The settlement of a new country in the immediate neighborhood of an old one is not attended with much difficulty, because supplies can be readily obtained from the latter; but the settlement of a country very remote from any cultivated region is a very different thing; because, at the outset, food, raiment, and the implements of husbandry are obtained only in small supplies and with great difficulty. The task of making new establishments in a remote wilderness, in time of profound peace, is sufficiently difficult; but when, in addition to all the unavoidable hardships attendant on this business, those resulting from an extensive and furious warfare with savages are superadded, toil, privations and sufferings are then carried to the full extent of the capacity of men to endure them.

Such was the wretched condition of our forefathers in making their settlements here. To all their difficulties and privations, the Indian war was a weighty addition. This destructive warfare they were compelled to sustain almost single-handed, because the revolutionary contest with England gave full employment for the military strength and resources on the east side of the mountains.

The following history of the poverty, labors, sufferings, manners and customs of our forefathers will appear like a collection of "tales of olden times," without any garnish of language to spoil the original portraits, by giving them shades of coloring which they did not possess.

I shall follow the order of things as they occurred during the period of time embraced in these narratives, beginning with those rude accommodations with which our first adventurers into this country furnished themselves at the commencement of their establishments. It will be a homely narrative, yet valuable on the ground of its being real history.

If my reader, when viewing, through the medium which I here present, the sufferings of human nature in one of its most depressed and dangerous conditions, should drop an involuntary tear, let him not blame me for the sentiment of sympathy which he feels. On the contrary, if he should sometimes meet with a recital calculated to excite a smile or a laugh, I claim no credit for his enjoyment. It is the subject matter of the history, and not the historian, which makes those widely different impressions on the mind of the reader.

In this chapter it is my design to give a brief account of the household furniture and articles of diet which were used by the first inhabitants of our country. A description of their cabins and half-faced camps, and their manner of building them, will be found elsewhere.

The furniture for the table, for several years after the settlement of this country, consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates and spoons, but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers and neggins. If these last were scarce, gourds and dried-shelled squashes made up the deficiency.

The iron pot, knives and forks, were brought from the east side of the mountains, along with the salt and lard, on pack-horses.

These articles of furniture corresponded very well with the articles of diet on which they were employed. "Hog and hominy" were proverbial for the dishes of which they were the component parts. Indian-cakes and juncos were, at the outset of the settlements of the country, the only forms of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and mush were the standard dish. When milk was not plentiful, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity of cattle or the want of proper pasture for them, the substantial dish of hominy had to supply the place of them. Mash was frequently eaten with sweetened water, undissolved, bear's oil, or the gravy of fried meat.

Every family, besides a little garden for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had another small enclosure containing from half an acre to an acre, which they called a "truck-patch," in which they raised corn for roasting ears, pumpkins, squashes, beans and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, bacon and bear meat, for dinner, and made very wholesome and well-tasted dishes. The standard dinner dish for every big-colling, house-raising and harvest-day was a pot pie, or what in other countries is called "pot pie." This, besides answering for dinner, served for a part of the supper also, the remainder of it from dinner being eaten with milk in the evening, after the conclusion of the labor of the day.

In one whole display of furniture, the delf, chin, and silver were unknown. It did not then, as now, require contributions from the four quarters of the globe to furnish the breakfast table, namely the silver from Mexico, the coffee from the West Indies, the tea from China, and the delf and porcelain from Europe or Asia. Yet not bounden fare, and slightly cabin and furniture, produced a hardy, veteran race, who planted the first fortresses of society and civilization in the immense regions of the west. Turned to hardihood, however sad labor, from their early youth, they sustained with manly fortitude the fatigue of the chase, the campaign and hunt, and with strong arms "turned the wilderness into fruitful fields," and here left to their descendants the rich inheritance of an immense empire bound with power and wealth.

I well remember the first time I ever saw a tea-cup and saucer, and tasted coffee. My mother died when I was about six or seven years old, and my father sent me to Maryland with a brother of my grandfather, Mr. Alexander Wells, to school.

At Col. Brown's in the mountains of Sandy Creek (Md.), I for the first time saw tea-glasses, and by bantering a pot-gardener, I

got a severe biting by his bill, and beating by his wings. I wondered very much that birds so large and strong should be so much tamer than the wild turkeys. At this place, however, all was right, excepting the large birds which they called geese. The cabin and its furniture were such as I had been accustomed to see in the backwoods, as my country was then called.

At Bedford everything was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up was a stone house, and to make the change more complete, it was plastered in the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room I was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world which was not built of logs; but here I looked 'round the house and could see no logs, and above I could see no joists; whether such a thing could be made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire anything about it.

When supper came on, "my confusion was worse confounded." A little cup stood in a bigger one, with some brownish-looking stuff in it, which was neither milk, hominy nor broth. What to do with these little cups and the little spoon belonging to them, I could not tell; and I was afraid to ask anything concerning the use of them.

It was in the time of the war, and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping, and hanging the Tories. The word jail frequently occurred. This word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered its meaning, was much terrified, and supposed that we were in danger of the fate of the Tories; for I thought as we had come from the backwoods, it was altogether likely that we must be Tories too. For fear of being discovered I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively to see what the big folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous beyond anything I ever had tasted in my life; I continued to drink, as the rest of the company did, with the tears streaming from my eyes, but when it was to end I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw one man turn his little cup bottom upwards and put his little spoon across it; I observed that after this his cup was not filled again; I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction, the result as to my cup was the same.

The introduction of delf ware was considered by many of the backwoods people as a culpable innovation. It was too easily broken, and the plates of that

designed only for people of quality, who do not labor, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself disgraced by showing a fondness for those slops. Indeed, many of them have to this day very little respect for them.

CHAPTER XVIII

DRESS

On the frontiers, and particularly amongst those who were much in the habit of hunting, and going on scouts and campaigns, the dress of the men was partly Indian and partly that of civilized nations.

The hunting shirt was universally worn. This was a kind of loose frock, reaching half way down the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large, and sometimes handsomely fringed with a ravelled piece of cloth of a different color from that of the hunting shirt itself. The bosom of this dress served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, jerk, tow for wiping the barrel of the rifle, or any other necessary for the hunter or warrior. The belt, which was always tied behind, answered for several purposes besides that of holding the dress together. In cold weather, the mittens, and sometimes the bullet-hag, occupied the front part of it; to the right side was suspended the tomahawk, and to the left the scalping knife in its leathern sheath. The hunting shirt was generally made of linsey, sometimes of coarse linen, and a few of dressed deer skins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. A pair of drawers or breeches, and leggings, were the dress of the thighs and legs. A pair of moccasins answered for the feet much better than shoes. These were made of dressed deer skin. They were mostly made of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel, with gaiters as high as the ankle joint or a little higher. Flaps were left on each side to reach some distance up the legs. These were nicely adapted to the ankles and lower part of the legs by thongs of deer skin, so that no dust, gravel or snow could get within the moccasin.

The moccasins in ordinary use cost but a few hours' labor to make them. This was done by an instrument denominated a moccasin awl, which was made of the haek spring of an old clasp knife. The awl, with its buckhorn handle, was an appendage of every shot-pouch strap, together with a roll of buckskin for mending the moccasins. This was the labor of almost every evening. They were sewed together and patched with deer skin thongs, or whangs as they were commonly called.

In cold weather the moccasins were well stuffed with deer's hair or dried leaves, so as to keep the feet comfortably warm; but in wet weather it was usually said that wearing them was "a decent way of going barefooted;" and such was the fact, owing to the spongy texture of the leather of which they were made.

Owing to this defective covering of the feet, more than to any other circumstance, the greater number of our hunters and warriors were afflicted with rheumatism in their limbs. Of this disease they were all apprehensive in wet or cold weather, and therefore always slept with their feet to the fire to prevent or cure it as well as they could. This practice unquestionably had a very salutary effect, and prevented many of them from becoming confirmed cripples in early life.

In the latter years of the Indian war our young men became more enamored of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the match coat. The drawers were laid aside and the leggings made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech cloth was adopted. This was a piece of linen or cloth nearly a yard long and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps, hanging before and behind over the belt. These belts were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech cloth, straps which supported the long leggings were attached. When this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting shirt, the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked.

The young warrior, instead of being ashamed by this nudity, was proud of his Indian-like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance, however, did not add much to the devotion of the young Indians.

The linsey petticoat and bed gown, which were the universal dress of our women in early times, would make a strange figure in our days. A small home-made handkerchief, in point of elegance, would ill supply the place of that profusion of ruffles with which the necks of our ladies are now ornamented.

They went barefooted in warm weather, and in cold weather their feet were covered with moccasins, coarse shoes, or shoe-packs, which would make but a sorry figure beside the elegant moccasins slippers often embroidered with bullion, which at present ornament the feet of their daughters and granddaughters.

The coats and bed gowns of the women, as well as the hunting shirts of the men, were hung in full display on wooden pegs around the walls of their cabins, so that while they unsewed in some degree the place of paper-hangings or tapestry, they announced to the stranger as well as neighbor the wealth or poverty of the family in the articles of clothing. This practice has not yet been wholly laid aside among the backwoods families.

The bisençier would say to the ladies of the present time, our ancestors of your sex knew nothing of the ruffles, leghorns, curlis, combis, rings, and other jewels with which their fair daughters now decorate themselves. Such things were not then to be had. Many of the younger part of them were pretty well grown up before they

ever saw the inside of a store room, or even knew there was such a thing in the world, unless by hearsay, and indeed scarcely that.

Instead of the toilet, they had to handle the distaff or shuttle, the sickle or weeding hoe, contented if they could obtain their linsey clothing and cover their heads with a sun bonnet made of a six or seven hundred linen.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FORT

My reader will understand by this term, not only a place of defense, but the residence of a small number of families belonging to the same neighborhood. As the Indian mode of warfare was an indiscriminate slaughter of all ages and both sexes, it was an requisite to provide for the safety of the women and children as for that of the men.

The fort consisted of cabins, block-houses and stockades. A range of cabins commonly formed one side at least of the fort. Divisions, or partitions of logs, separated the cabins from each other. The walls on the outside were ten or twelve feet high, the slope of the roof being turned wholly inward. A very few of these cabins had puncheon floors; the greater part were earthen.

The block-houses were built at the angles of the fort. They projected about two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades. Their upper stories were about eighteen inches every way larger in dimensions than the under one, leaving an opening at the commencement of the second story, to prevent the enemy from making a lodgment under their walls. In some forts, instead of block-houses, the angles of the fort were furnished with bastions. A large folding gate made of thick slabs, nearest the spring, closed the fort. The stockades, bastions, cabins and block-house walls were furnished with port-holes at proper heights and distances. The whole of the outside was made completely bullet-proof.

It may be truly said that necessity is the mother of invention, for the whole of this work was made without the aid of a single nail or spike of iron, and for this reason, such things were not to be had.

In some places, less exposed, a single block-house with a cabin or two constituted the whole fort.

Such places of refuge may appear very trifling to those who have been in the habit of seeing the formidable military garrisons of Europe and America; but they answered the purpose, as the Indians had no artillery. They seldom attacked, and scarcely ever took one of them.

The families belonging to these forts were so attached to their own cabins on their farms, that they seldom moved into the fort in the spring until compelled by some alarm, as they called it; that is, when it was announced by some murther that the Indians were in the settlement.

The fort to which my father belonged, was, during the first years of the war, three-quarters of a mile from his farm; but when this fort went to decay, and became unfit for defense, a new one was built at his own house. I well remember that when a little boy the family

were sometimes waked up in the dead of night by an express with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door or back window, and by a gentle tapping waked the family; this was easily done, as an habitual fear made us ever watchful and sensible to the slightest alarm. The whole family was instantly in motion; my father seized his gun and other implements of war; my step-mother waked up and dressed the children as well as she could; and being myself the oldest of the children, I had to take my share of the burthens to be carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a horse in the night to aid us in removing to the fort; besides the little children, we caught up what articles of clothing and provisions we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or even stir the fire. All this was done with the utmost dispatch and the silence of death; the greatest care was taken not to awaken the youngest child; to the rest it was enough to say Indian, and not a whimper was heard afterwards. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort, who were in the evening at their homes, were all in their little fortress before the dawn of the next morning. In the course of the succeeding day, their household furniture was brought in by parties of the men under arms.

Some families belonging to each fort, were much less under the influence of fear than others, and who after an alarm had subsided, in spite of every remonstrance, would remove home, while their more prudent neighbors remained in the fort. Such families were denominated "fool-hardy," and gave no small amount of trouble by creating such frequent necessities of sending runners to warn them of their danger, and sometimes parties of our men to protect them during their removal.

CHAPTER XX

CARAVANS

The acquisition of the indispensable articles of salt, steel and castings, presented great difficulties to the first settlers of the western country. They had no stores of any kind, no salt, iron, nor iron works; nor had they money to make purchases where those articles were to be obtained. Poultry and furs were their only resources, before they had time to raise cattle and horses for sale in the Atlantic states.

Every family collected what poultry and fur they could obtain throughout the year for the purpose of sending them over the mountains for barter.

In the fall of the year, after seeding-time, every family formed an association with some of their neighbors for starting the little caravan. A master driver was selected from among them, who was to be assisted by one or more young men, and sometimes a boy or two. The horses were fitted out with pack-saddles, to the hinder part of which was fastened a pair of hobbles made of hickory withes; a bell and collar ornamented his neck. The bags provided for the conveyance of the salt were filled with feed for the horses; on the journey a part of this feed was left at convenient stages on the way down, to support the return of the caravan. Large wallets, well-filled with bread, jerk, boiled ham and cheese, furnished provisions for the drivers. At night, after feeding the horses, whether put in pasture or turned out in the woods, were hobbled, and the bells were opened. The barter for salt and iron was made first at Baltimore, Frederick, Hagerstown, Oldtown and Cumberland in succession, became the places of exchange. Each horse carried two bushels of alum salt, weighing eighty-four pounds to the bushel. This, to be sure, was not a heavy load for the horses, but it was enough considering the scanty substance allowed them on their journey.

The common price of a bushel of alum salt at an early period was a good cow and calf; and until weights were introduced, the salt was measured into the half bushel by hand as lightly as possible. No one was permitted to walk heavily over the floor while the operation was going on.

The following anecdote will serve to show how little the native sons of the forest knew of the etiquette of the Atlantic cities.

A neighbor of my father, some years after the settlement of the country, had collected a small drove of cattle for the Baltimore market. Amongst the hands employed to drive them was one who had never seen any condition of society but that of woodsmen.

At one of their lodging places in the mountain, the landlord and his hired man, in the course of the night, stole two of the bells belonging to the drove and hid them in a pioeo of woods.

The drove had not gone far in the morning before the bells were missed, and a detachment went back to recover the stolen bells. The men were found reaping in the field of the landlord; they were accused of the theft, but they denied the charge. The torture of sweating, according to the custom of that time, that is, of suspension by the arms pinioned behind their backs, brought a confession. The bells were procured and hung around the necks of the thieves; in this condition they were driven on foot before the detachment until they overtook the drove, which by this time had gono nine miles. A halt was called and a jury selected to try the culprits. They were condemned to receive a certain number of lashes on the bare back from the hand of each drover. The man above alluded to was the owner of one of the bells. When it came to his turn to use the hickory, "Now," says he to the thief, "you infornal scoundrel; I'll work your jacket nineteen to the dozen. Only think what a rascally figure I should make in the streets of Baltimore without a bell on my horse." The man was in earnest; having seen no horse used without bells, he thought they were requisite in every situation.

CHAPTER XXI

HUNTING

This was an important part of the employment of the early settlers of this country. For some years the woods supplied them with the greater amount of their subsistence, and with regard to some families in certain times, the whole of it; for it was no uncommon thing for families to live several months without a mouthful of bread. It frequently happened that there was no breakfast until it was obtained from the woods. Fur and peltry were the people's money; they had nothing else to give in exchange for rifles, salt and iron, on this side of the mountains.

The fall and early part of the winter was the season for hunting the deer, and the whole of the winter, including part of the spring, for bears and fur-skinned animals. It was a maxim among the Indians during every month in the course of which the letter R occurs.

The class of hunters with whom I was best acquainted were those whose hunting ranges were on the western side of the river and at the distance of eight or nine miles from it. As soon as the leaves were pretty well down, and the weather became rainy accompanied with light snows, these men, after acting the part of husbandmen, so far as the state of warfare permitted them to do so, soon began to feel that they were hunters. They became uneasy at home; everything about them became disagreeable; the house was too warm, the feather bed too soft, and even the good wife was not thought for the time being a proper companion; the mind of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and chase.

I have often seen them get up early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out and look anxiously to the woods and sniff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture, then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of buck's horns or little forks; his hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power express his readiness to accompany him to the woods.

A day was soon appointed for this march of the little cavalcade to the camp. Two or three horses furnished with pack-saddles were loaded with flour, Indian meal, blankets, and everything else requisite for the use of the hunter.

A hunting camp, or what was called a half-faced cabin, was of the following form; the back part of it was sometimes a large log; at the distance of eight or ten feet from this two stakes were set in the ground a few inches apart, and at the distance of eight or ten feet

from these two more to receive the ends of the poles for the sides of the camp; the whole slope of the roof was from the front to the back; the covering was made of slabs, skin or blankets, or, if in the spring of the year, the bark of hickory or ash trees; the front was left entirely open; the fire was built directly before this opening; the cracks between the logs were filled with moss, and dry leaves served for a bed. It is thus that a couple of men in a few hours will construct for themselves a temporary and tolerably comfortable defense from the inclemency of the weather; the beaver, otter, muskrat and squirrel are scarcely their equals in dexterity in fabricating for themselves a covert from the tempest!

A little more pains would have made a hunting camp a defense against the Indians. A cabin ten feet square, bullet proof, and furnished with port-holes, would have enabled two or three hunters to hold twenty Indians at bay for any length of time; but this precaution I believe was never attended to; hence the hunters were often surprised and killed in their camps.

The site for the camp was selected with all the sagacity of the woodmen, so as to have it sheltered by the surrounding hills from every wind, but more especially from those of the north and west.

An uncle of mine, of the name of Samuel Teter, occupied the same camp for several years in succession. It was situated on one of the southern branches of Cross Creek. Although I have lived many years not more than fifteen miles from the place, it was not till within a very few years that I discovered its situation, when it was shown to me by a gentleman living in the neighborhood. Viewing the hills 'round about it, I soon perceived the sagacity of the hunter in the site for his camp. Not a wind could touch him, and, unless by the report of his gun or the sound of his axe, it would have been by mere accident if an Indian had discovered his encampment.

Hunting was not a mere ramble in pursuit of game, in which there was nothing of skill and calculation; on the contrary, the hunter, before he set out in the morning, was informed by the state of the weather in what situation he might reasonably expect to meet with his game, whether on the bottoms, sides or tops of the hills. In stormy weather the deer always seek the most sheltered places and the leeward sides of the hills. In rainy weather in which there is not much wind, they keep in the open woods on the highest ground.

In every situation it was requisite for the hunter to ascertain the course of the wind, so as to get to the leeward of the game. This he effected by putting his finger in his mouth and holding it there until it became warm; then holding it above his head, the side which first became cold shewed which way the wind blew.

As it was requisite too for the hunter to know the cardinal points, he had only to observe the trees to ascertain them. The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north than on the south side. The same thing may be said of the leaves; it is

dark and stronger on the north than on the south side of the ^{mountain}.

The whole business of the hunter consists of a succession of snares. From morning to night he was on the alert to gain the wind of his game, and approach them without being discovered. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it and hung it up out of the reach of the wolves and immediately resumed the chase till the close of the evening, when he bent his course towards his camp; when arrived there, he kindled up his fire, and together with his fellow hunters cooked his supper. The supper finished, the adventures of the day furnished the tales for the evening; the spike buck, the two and three pronged buck, the doe and the barren doe, figured through their anecdotes with great advantage. It should seem that after hunting awhile on the same ground, the hunters became acquainted with nearly all the gangs of deer within their range, so as to know each flock of them when they saw them. Often some old buck, by the means of his superior sagacity and watchfulness, saved his little gang from the hunter's skill, by giving timely notice of his approach. The cunning of the hunter and that of the old buck were staked against each other, and it frequently happened that at the conclusion of the hunting season, the old fellow was left the free uninjured tenant of his forest; but if his rival succeeded in bringing him down the victory was followed by no small amount of boasting on the part of the conqueror.

When the weather was not suitable for hunting, the skins and carcasses of the game were brought in and disposed of.

Many of the hunters rested from their labors on the Sabbath day, some from a motive of piety, others said that whenever they hunted on Sunday, they were sure to have bad luck all the rest of the week.

CHAPTER XXII

(THE WEDDING

For a long time after the first settlement of this country the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank, and very little of fortune. On these accounts the first impression of love resulted in marriage, and a family establishment cost but a little labor and nothing else.

A description of a wedding, from the beginning to the end, will serve to show the manners of our forefathers, and mark the grade of civilization which has succeeded to their rude state of society in the course of a few years.

At an early period the practice of celebrating the marriage in the house of the bride began, and it should seem with great propriety. She also has the choice of the priest to perform the ceremony.

In the first years of the settlement of this country, a wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood, and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager anticipation. This is no to be wondered at, when it is told that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accomplished with the labor of roping, log-rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scout or campaign.

In the morning of the wedding day, the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father, for the purpose of revelling the mansion of his bride by moon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials, which for certain must take place before dinner.

Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people, without a sate, tailor or mantuamaker within an hundred miles, and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moecasins, leather breeches, leggins, and linsey hunting shirts, all home-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats, and linsey or linen bed-gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs and buckskin gloves, if any; if there were any buckles, rings, buttons or ruffles, they were the reliques of old times, family pieces from parents or grandparents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket thrown over them; a rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather.

The march in double file was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill-will of neighbors, by felling trees and tying grape-vines across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding company with smoke. Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge, the sudden

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spring of the horses, the shieks of the girls, and the shrill battle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground; if a wrist, elbow or ankle happened to be sprained, it was tied with a bandkerchief, and little more was thought or said about it.

Another ceremony took place before the party reached the house of the bride, after the practice of making whiskey began, which was at an early period. When the party were about a mile from the place of their destination, two young men would single out to run for the bottle; the worse the pack, the more logs, brush and deep hollows, the better, as these obstacles afforded an opportunity for the greatest display of intrepidity and horsemanship. The English fox chase, in point of danger to their riders and their horses, was nothing to this race for the bottle. The start was announced by an Indian yell, when logs, brush, mud holes, hill and glen, were speedily passed by the rival parties. The bottle was always filled for the occasion, so that there was no use for judges; for the first who reached the door was presented with the prize, with which he returned in triumph to the company. On approaching them he announced his victory over his rival by a shrill whoop. At the head of the troupe he gave the bottle to the groom and his attendant, and then to each pair in succession, in the rear of the line, giving each a draw; and then putting the bottle in the bosom of his hunting shirt, took his station in the company.

The ceremony of the marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial buckwoods feast of beef, pork, fowls, and sometimes venison and bear meat, roasted and boiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. During the dinner the greatest hilarity always prevailed, although the table might be a large slab of timber, hewed out with a broad-axe, supported by four sticks set in anger holes, and the furniture, some old pewter dishes and plates, the rest wooden bowls and trenchers. A few pewter spoons, much battered about the edges, were to be seen at some tables; the rest were made of bone. If knives were scarce, this deficiency was made up by the scalping knives, which were carried in sheaths suspended to the belt of the hunting shirt.

After dinner the dancing commenced, and generally lasted until the next morning. The figures of the dances were three and four headed reels, or square sets and jigs. The commencement was always a square four, which was followed by what was called jiggling it off; that is, two of the four would single out for a jig, and were followed by the remaining couple. The jigs were often unaccompanied with what was called cutting out; that is, when any of the parties became tired of the dance, on intimation, the plan was adopted by some of the company, without any interruption of the dance; in this way a dance was often continued until the musician was heartily tired of his situation. Towards the latter part of the night, if any of the company through weariness attempted to conceal themselves for the

purpose of sleeping, they were hunted up, paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play "hang out till morning."

About nine or ten o'clock a depatation of young ladies stole off the bride and put her to bed. In doing this it frequently happened that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball-room to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboards lying loose and without nails. This ascent one might think would put the bride and her attendants to the blush; but as the foot of the ladder was commonly behind the door, which was purposely open for the occasion, and its rounds at the inner ends were well hung with hunting shirts, petticoats and other articles of clothing, the candles being on the opposite side of the house, the exit of the bride was noticed but by a few. This done, a depatation of young men in like manner stole off the groom and placed him steady by the side of his bride. The dance still continued, and if seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man when not engaged in the dance was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls, and the offer was sure to be accepted. In the midst of this hilarity the bride and groom were not forgotten. Pretty late in the night some one would remind the company that the new couple must stand in need of some refreshments. Black Betty, which was the name of the bottle, was called for and sent up the ladder. But sometimes Black Betty did not go alone. I have many times seen as much bread, beef, pork and cabbage sent along with her, as would afford a meal for a half a dozen hungry men. The young couple were compelled to eat more or less of whatever was offered them.

In the course of the festivity, if any wanted to help himself to a dram and the young couple to a toast, he would call out, "Where is Black Betty! I want to kiss her sweet lips." Black Betty was soon handed to him, when, holding her up in his right hand, he would say, "Here's health to the groom, not forgetting myself, and here's to the bride, thumping luck and big children!" Thus, so far from being taken amiss, was considered as an expression of a very proper and friendly wish; for big children, especially sons, were of great importance, as we were few in number and engaged in perpetual hostility with the Indians, the end of which no one could foresee. Indeed, many of them seemed to suppose that war was the natural state of man, and therefore did not anticipate any conclusion of it: every big son was therefore considered as a young soldier.

But to return. It often happened that some neighbors or relations, not being asked to the wedding, took offense; and the mode of revenge adopted by them on such occasions was that of cutting off the manes, foretops, and tails of the horses of the wedding company.

Another method of revenge, which was adopted when the chastity of the bride was a little suspected, was that of setting up a pair of horns on poles or trees, on the route of the wedding company. This

was a hint to the groom that he might expect to be complimented with a pair of horns himself.

On returning to the infare, the order of procession and the race for Black Betty was the same as before. (The feasting and dancing often lasted several days, at the end of which the whole company was so exhausted with loss of sleep, that several days' rest was requisite to fit them to return to their ordinary labors.)

Should I be asked why I have presented this unpleasant portrait of the rude manners of our forefathers? I in my turn would ask my reader, why are you pleased with the histories of the blood and carnage of battles? Why are you delighted with the fictions of poetry, the novel and romance? I have related truth, and only truth, strange as it may seem. I have depicted a state of society and manners which are fast vanishing from the memory of man, with a view to give the youth of our country a knowledge of the advantage of civilization, and to give contentment to the aged by preventing them from saying "that former times were better than the present."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HOUSE WARMING

I will proceed to state the usual manner of settling a young couple in the world.

A spot was selected on a piece of land of one of the parents for their habitation. A day was appointed shortly after their marriage for commencing the work of building their cabin. The fatigue party consisted of choppers, whose business it was to fell the trees and cut them off at proper lengths—a man with his team for bauling them to the place, and arranging them, properly assorted, at the sides and ends of the building—and a carpenter, if such he might be called, whose business it was to search the woods for a proper tree for making clapboards for the roof. The tree for this purpose must be straight-grained, and from three to four feet in diameter. The boards were split four feet long, with a large frow, and as wide as the timber would allow. They were used without planing or shaving. Another division were employed in getting puncheons for the floor of the cabin; this was done by splitting trees about eighteen inches in diameter and hewing the faces of them with a broad-axe. They were half the length of the floor they were intended to make.

The materials for the cabin were mostly prepared on the first day, and sometimes the foundations laid in the evening; the second day was allotted for the raising.

In the morning of the next day the neighbors collected for the raising. The first thing to be done was the election of four corner-men, whose business it was to notch and place the logs, the rest of the company furnishing them with the timbers. In the meantime the boards and puncheons were collected for the floor and roof, so that by the time the cabin was a few rounds high, the sleepers and floor began to be laid. The door was made by cutting or sawing the logs in one side so as to make an opening about three feet wide; this opening was secured by upright pieces of timber about three inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs for the purpose of pinning them fast. A similar opening, but wider, was made at the end for the chimney. This was built of logs, and made large, to admit of a back and jams of stone. At the square two end logs projected a foot or eighteen inches beyond the wall, to receive the butting poles, as they were called, against which the ends of the first row of clapboards were supported. The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these logs the clapboards were placed, the ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below them, and kept in their places by logs placed at proper distances upon them.

The roof and sometimes the floor were finished on the same day of the raising; a third day was commonly spent by a few carpenters in leveling off the floor, making a clapboard door and a table. This last was made of a split slab, and supported by four round logs set in auger holes; some three-legged stools were made in the same manner. Some pins, stuck in the logs at the back of the house, supported some clapboards which served for shelves for the table furniture. A single fork, placed with its lower end in a hole in the floor, and the upper end fastened to a joist, served for a headstend, by placing a pole in the fork with one end through a crack between the logs in the wall. This front pole was crossed by a shorter one within the fork, with its outer end through another crack. From the front pole, through a crack between the logs of the end of the house, the boards were put on which formed the bottom of the bed. Sometimes other poles were pinned to the fork a little distance between these, for the purpose of supporting the front and foot of the bed, while the walls were the support of its back and head. A few pegs around the walls, for the display of the coats of the women and hunting shirts of the men, and two small forks or back's horns in a joist for the rifle and shot-pouch, completed the carpenter work.

In the meantime masons were at work. With the heart pieces of the timber of which the clapboards were made, they made billets for chinking up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and chimney. A large bed of mortar was made for daubing up these cracks; and a few stones formed the back and jambs of the chimney.

The cabin being finished, the ceremony of house warming took place, before the young couple were permitted to move into it. This was a dance of the whole night's continuance, made up of the relations of the bride and groom and their neighbors. On the day following, the young couple took possession of their new mansion.

CHAPTER XXIV

WORKING

The necessary labors of the farms along the frontiers were performed with every danger and difficulty imaginable. The whole population of the frontiers, huddled together in their little forts, left the country with every appearance of a deserted region; and such would have been the opinion of the traveler concerning it, if he had not seen here and there some small fields of corn or some other grain in a growing state.

It is easy to imagine what losses must have been sustained by our first settlers owing to this deserted state of our farms. It was not the full measure of their trouble that they risked their lives, and often lost them, in subduing the forest and turning it into fruitful fields; but compelled to leave them in a deserted state during the summer season, a great part of the fruits of their labors was lost by this untoward circumstance. The sheep and hogs were devoured by the wolves, panthers and bears. Horses and cattle were often let into their fields, through breaches made in their fences by the falling trees, and frequently almost the whole of a little crop of corn was destroyed by squirrels and raccoons, so that many families, even after so hazardous and laborious spring and summer, had but little left for the comfort of the dreary winter.

The early settlers on the frontiers of this country were like Arabs of the desert of Africa, in at least two respects. Every man was a soldier, and from early in the spring till late in the fall was almost continually in arms. Their work was often carried on by parties, each one of whom had his rifle and everything else belonging to his war dress. These were deposited in some central place in the field. A sentinel was stationed on the outside of the fence, so that on the least alarm the whole company repaired to their arms, and were ready for combat in a moment.

Here again the rudeness of some families proved a source of difficulty. Instead of joining the working parties, they went out and attended their farms by themselves, and in case of alarm, an express was sent for them, and sometimes a party of men to guard them to the fort. These families, in some instances, could boast that they had better crops, and were every way better provided for in the winter than their neighbors. In other instances their temerity cost them their lives.

In military affairs, when every one concerned is left to his own will, matters were sure to be badly managed. The whole frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia presented a succession of military camps or forts. We had military officers, that is to say, majors and colonels; but they in many respects were only nominally such.

They could advise, but not command. Those who chose to follow their advice did so, to such an extent as suited their fancy or interest. Others were refractory and thereby gave much trouble. These officers would have a bout or campaign, while those who thought proper to accompany them did so, and those who did not remained at home. Public opinion was the only punishment for their laziness or cowardice. There was no compulsion to the performance of military duty, and no pecuniary reward when they were performed.

It is but doing justice to the first settlers of this country to say, that instances of disobedience of families and individuals to the advice of our officers, were by no means numerous. The greater number cheerfully submitted to their directions with a prompt and faithful obedience.

In giving a history of the state of the mechanic arts, as they were exercised at an early period of the settlement of this country, I shall present a people, driven by necessity to perform works of mechanical skill, far beyond what a person enjoying all the advantages of civilization, would expect from a population placed in such destitute circumstances.

My reader will naturally ask where were their mills for grinding grain, where their tanners for making leather, where their smith shops for making and repairing their farising utensils? Who were their carpenters, tailors, cabinet workmen, shoemakers and weavers? The answer is, those manufacturers did not exist, nor had they any tradesmen who were professedly such. Every family were under the necessity of doing everything for themselves as well as they could.

The boozing blocks and hand-mills were used in most of our houses. The first was made of a large block of wood about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, so that the action of the pestle on the bottom threw the corn up to the sides towards the top of it, from whence it continually fell down into the center. In consequence of this movement, the whole mass of the grain was pretty equally subjected to the strokes of the pestle. In the fall of the year, whilst the Indian corn was soft, the block and pestle did very well for making meal for journeymen and mush, but were rather slow when the corn became hard.

The sweep was sometimes used to lessen the toil of pounding grain into meal. This was a pole of some springy elastic wood, thirty feet long or more, the butt end of which was placed under the side of a house or large stump. This pole was supported by two forks, placed about one-third of its length from its butt end, so as to elevate the small end about fifteen feet from the ground. To this was attached by a large mortise, a piece of sapling about five or six inches in diameter and eight or ten feet long, the lower end of which was shaped so as to answer for a pestle, and a pin of wood was put through it at a proper height so that two persons could work at the sweep at once. This simple machine very much lessened the labor and expedited the work.

I remember that when a boy I put up an excellent sweep at my father's. It was made of a sugar tree sapling, and was kept going almost constantly from morning till night by our neighbors for several weeks.

In the Greenbrier country, where they had a number of salt-petre caves, the first settlers made plenty of excellent gunpowder by means of these swoops and mortars.

A machine still more simple than the mortar and pestle was used for making meal when the corn was too soft to be beaten. It was called a grater. This was a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, while the meal fell through them on the board or block to which the grater was nailed, which being in a slanting direction, discharged the meal into a cloth or bowl placed for its reception. This, to be sure, was a slow way of making meal, but necessity has no law.

The hand-mill was better than the mortar and grater. It was made of two circular stones, the lowest of which was called the bed-stone, the upper one the runner. These were placed in a hoop, with a spout for discharging the meal. A staff was let into a hole in the upper surface of the runner, near the outer edge, and its upper end through a hole in a board fastened to a joist above, so that two persons could be employed in turning the mill at the same time. The grain was put into the opening in the runner by hand. These mills are still in use in Palestine, the ancient country of the Jews. To a mill of this sort our Saviour alluded, when with reference to the destruction of Jerusalem, he said, "Two women shall be grinding at a mill, the one shall be taken and the other left."

This mill is much preferable to that used at present in upper Egypt for making the dhoura bread. It is a smooth stone, placed on an inclined plane, upon which the grain is spread, which is made into meal by rubbing another stone up and down upon it.

Our first water mills were of that description denominated tub-mills. It consists of a perpendicular shaft, to the lower end of which a horizontal wheel of about four or five feet in diameter is attached; the upper end passes through the bed stone and carries the runner, after the manner of a trundlehead. These mills were built with very little expense, and many of them answered the purpose very well. Instead of bolting cloths, sifters were in general use. These were made of deer skins in the state of parchment stretched over a hoop and perforated with a hot wire.

Our clothing was all of domestic manufacture. We had no other resource for clothing and this indeed was a poor one. The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destroyed by the wolves. Linsey, which is made of flax and wool, the former the chain and the latter the filling, was the warmest and most substantial cloth we could make. Almost every house contained a loom and almost every woman was a weaver.

Every family tanned their own leather. The tan vat was a large trough sunk to the upper end in the ground. A quantity of bark was easily obtained every spring in clearing and fencing land.

This, after drying, was brought in, and in wet days was shaved and pounded on a block of wood with an axe or mallet. Ashes were used in place of lime for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's lard and tallow answered the place of fish oil. The leather, to be sure, was coarse; but it was substantially good. The operation of currying was performed by a drawing knife with its edge turned after the manner of a currying knife. The blackening for the leather was made of soot and hog's lard.

Almost every family contained its own tailors and shoemakers. Those who could not make shoes could make shoe-packs. These, like moccasins, were made of a single piece of leather, with the exception of a tongue-piece on the top of the foot, which was about two inches broad and circular at the lower end, and to which the main piece of leather was sewed with a gathering stitch. The seam behind was like that of a moccasin, and a sole was sometimes added. The women did the tailor work. They could all cut out and make hunting shirts, leggins and drawers.

The state of society which existed in our country at an early period of its settlement, was well calculated to call into action every native mechanical genius. There was in almost every neighborhood some one whose natural ingenuity enabled him to do many things for himself and his neighbors far above what could have been reasonably expected. With the very few tools which they brought with them into the country, they certainly performed wonders. Their plows, harrows with their wooden teeth, and sleds, were in many instances well made. Their cooper-ware, which comprehended everything for holding milk and water, was generally pretty well executed. The cedar-ware, by having alternately a white and red stave, was then thought beautiful. Many of their puncheon floors were very neat, their joints close and the top even and smooth. Their looms, although heavy, did very well. Those who could not exercise these mechanic arts were under the necessity of giving labor or barter to their neighbors in exchange for the use of them, so far as their necessities required.

An old man in my father's neighborhood had the art of turning bowls, from the knots of trees, particularly those of the ash. In what way he did it I do not know, or whether there was much mystery in his art. Be that as it may, the old man's skill was in great request, as well-turned wooden bowls were amongst our first-rate articles of household furniture.

My brothers and myself once undertook to procure a fine suit of these bowls made of the best wood, the ash. We gathered all we could find on our father's land, and took them to the artist, who was to give, as the saying was, one-half for the other. He put the knots in a branch before the door, when a freshet came and swept them all away, not one of them being ever found. This was a dreadful misfortune. Our anticipation of an elegant display of new

bowls was utterly blasted in a moment, as the poor old man was not able to repair our loss nor any part of it.

My father possessed a mechanical genius of the highest order, and necessity, which is the mother of invention, occasioned the full exercise of his talents. His farming utensils were the best in the neighborhood. After macking his loom he often used it as a weaver. All the shoes belonging to the family were made by himself. He always spun his own shoe-thread, saying that no woman could spin shoe-thread as well as he could. His cooper-ware was made by himself. I have seen him make a small, neat kind of wooden-ware, called *set* work, in which the staves were all attached to the bottom of the vessel, by means of a groove cut in them by a strong clasp-knife and small chisel, before a single hoop was put on. He was sufficiently the carpenter to build the best kind of houses then in use; that is to say, first a cabin, and afterwards the hewed log-house with a shingled roof. In the latter years he became sickly, and not being able to labor, he amused himself with tolerably good imitations of cabinet work.

Not possessing sufficient health for service on the scouts and campaigns, his duty was that of repairing the rifles of his neighbors when they needed it. In this business he manifested a high degree of ingenuity. A small depression on the surface of a stamp or log, and a wooden mallet, were his instruments for straightening the gun barrel when crooked. Without the aid of a bow-string he could discover the smallest bend in a barrel, and with a hit of steel he could make a saw for deepening the furrows when requisite. A few shots determined whether the gun might be trusted.

Although he never had been more than six weeks at school, he was nevertheless a first-rate penman and a good arithmetician. His penmanship was of great service to his neighbors in writing letters, bonds, deeds of conveyance, &c.

Young as I was, I was possessed of an art which was of great use, *viz.* that of weaving shot pouch straps, belts and garters. I could make my loom and weave a belt in less than one day. Having a piece of board about four feet long, an inch anger, spike gimlet, and a drawing knife, I needed no other tools or materials for making my loom.

It frequently happened that my weaving proved serviceable to the family, as I often sold a belt for a day's work, or making an hundred rails; so that although a boy, I could exchange my labor for that of a full grown person for an equal length of time.

CHAPTER XXVI

MEDICINE

This among a rude and illiterate people consisted mostly of specifics. As far as I can recollect them, they shall be enumerated, together with the diseases for which they were used.

The diseases of children were mostly ascribed to worms, for the expulsion of which a solution of common salt was given, and the dose was always large. I well remember having been compelled to take half a tablespoonful when quite small. To the best of my recollection it generally answered the purpose.

Scrappings of pewter spoons was another remedy for the worms. This dose was also large, amounting, I should think, from twenty to forty grains. It was commonly given in sugar.

Sulphate of iron, or green copperas was a third remedy for the worms. The dose of this was also larger than we should venture to give at this time.

For burns, a poultice of Indian meal was a common remedy. A poultice of scraped potatoes was also a favorite remedy with some people. Roasted turnip, made into a poultice, was used by others. Slippery elm bark was often used in the same way. I do not recollect that any internal remedy or bleeding was ever used for burns.

The croup, or what was then called the "bold hives," was a common disease among the children, many of whom died of it. For the cure of this, the juice of roasted onions or garlic was given in large doses. Wall ink was also a favorite remedy with many of the old ladies. For fever, sweating was the general remedy. This was generally performed by means of a strong decoction of Virginia snakeroot. The dose was always very large. If a purge was used, it was about a half a pint of a strong decoction of walnut bark. This, when intended for a purge, was peeled downwards; if for a vomit, it was peeled upwards. Indian physic, or bowman root, a species of ipecacuanha was frequently used for a vomit, and sometimes the porcupine or blood-root.

For the bite of a rattle or copper-snake a great variety of specifics were used. I remember when a small boy to have seen a man bitten by a rattle-snake brought into the fort on a man's back. One of the company dragged the snake after him by a forked stick fastened in its head. The body of the snake was cut into pieces of about two inches in length, split open in succession, and laid on the wound to draw out the poison, as they expressed it. When this was over, a fire was kindled in the fort and the whole of the serpent burnt to ashes, by way of revenge for the injury he had done. After this process was over, a large quantity of chestnut leaves was collected and boiled in a pot. The whole of the wounded man's leg and part

of his thigh were placed in a piece of chestnut bark, fresh from the tree, and the decoction was poured on the leg so as to run down into the pat again. After continuing this process for some time, a quantity of the boiled leaves were bound to the leg. This was repeated several times a day. The man got well; but whether owing to the treatment bestowed on his wound, is not so certain.

A number of native plants were used for the cure of snake bites. Among them the white plantain held a high rank. This was boiled in milk, and the decoction given the patient in large quantities. A kind of fern, which, from its resemblance to the leaves of the walnut, was called walnut fern, was another remedy. A plant with fibrous roots, resembling the Seneca snake-root, of a black color, and a strong but not disagreeable smell, was considered and relied on as the Indian specific for the cure of the sting of a saske. A decoction of this root was also used for the cure of colds. Another plant, which very much resembles the one above mentioned, but which is violently poisonous, was sometimes mistaken for it and used in its place. I knew two young women, who, in consequence of being bitten by rattle-snakes, used the poisonous plant instead of the other, and nearly lost their lives by the mistake. The roots were applied to their legs in the form of a poultice. The violent burning and swelling occasioned by the inflammation discovered the mistake in time to prevent them from taking any of the decoction, which, had they done, would have been instantly fatal. It was with difficulty that the part to which the poultice was applied was saved from mortification, so that the remedy was worse than the disease.

Cupping, sucking the wound, and making deep incisions which were filled with salt and gun-powder, were also among the remedies for snake bites.

It does not appear to me that any of the internal remedies, used by the Indians and first settlers of this country, were well adapted for the cure of the disease occasioned by the bite of a snake. The poison of a snake, like that of a bee or a wasp, must consist of a highly concentrated and very poisonous acid, which instantly inflames the part to which it is applied. That any substance whatever can act as a specific for the decomposition of this poison, seems altogether doubtful. The cure of the fever occasioned by this animal poison must be effected with reference to those general indications which are regarded in the cure of other fevers of equal force. The internal remedies alluded to, so far as I am acquainted with them, are possessed of little or no medical efficiency. They are not emetics, cathartics, or sudorifics. What then? They are harmless substances, which do wonders in all these cases in which there is nothing to be done.

The truth is, the bite of the rattle or copper-snake, in a fleshy or tendinous part, where the blood-vessels are neither numerous nor large, soon healed under any kind of treatment. But when the fangs of the serpent, which are hollow, and eject the poison through an

orifice near the points, penetrate a blood-vessel of any considerable size, a malignant and incurable fever was generally the immediate consequence, and the patient often expired in the first paroxysm.

The same observations apply to the effects of the bite of serpents when inflicted on beasts. Horses were frequently killed by them, as they were commonly bitten somewhere about the nose, in which the blood-vessels are numerous and large. I once saw a horse die of the bite of a rattle-snake; the blood for some time before he expired exuded in great quantities through the pores of the skin.

Cattle were less frequently killed, because their noses are of a gristly texture, and less furnished with blood-vessels than those of a horse. Dogs were sometimes bitten, and being naturally physicians, they commonly scratched a hole in some damp place, and held the wounded part in the ground till the inflammation abated. Hogs, when in tolerable order, were never hurt by them, owing to the thick substratum of fat between the skin, muscular flesh, and blood-vessels. The hog generally took immediate revenge for the injury done him by instantly tearing to pieces and devouring the serpent which inflicted it.

The itch, which was a very common disease in early times, was commonly cured by an ointment made of brimstone and hog's lard.

Gun-shot and other wounds were treated with slippery-elm bark, flaxseed, and other such like poultices. Many lost their lives from wounds which would now be considered trifling and easily cured. The use of the lancet, and other means of depletion, in the treatment of wounds, constituted no part of their cure in this country in early times.

My mother died in early life of a wound from the tread of a horse, which any person in the habit of letting blood might have cured by two or three bleedings, without any other remedy. The wound was poulticed with spikenard root, and soon terminated in an extensive mortification.

Most of the men of the early settlers of this country were affected with the rheumatism. For relief from this disease the hunters generally slept with their feet to the fire. From this practice they certainly derived much advantage. The oil of rattle-snakes, geese, wolves, bears, raccoons, ground-hogs and pole-cats, was applied to the swelled joints and bathed in before the fire.

The pleurisy was the only disease which was supposed to require blood letting, but in many cases a bleeder was not to be had.

Coughs and pulmonary consumptions were treated with a great variety of syrups, the principal ingredients of which were spikenard and elecampane. These syrups certainly gave but little relief.

Charms and incantations were in use for the cure of many diseases. I learned, when young, the incantation, in German, for the cure of burns, stopping blood, toothache, and the charm against bullets in battle; but for the want of faith in their efficacy, I never used any of them.

The erysipelas, or St. Anthony's fire, was circumscribed by the blood of a black cat. Hence there was scarcely a black cat to be seen whose ears and tail had not been frequently cropped off for a contribution of blood.

Whether the medical profession is productive of most good or harm may still be a matter of dispute with some philosophers, who never saw any condition of society in which there were no physicians, and therefore could not be furnished with a proper test for deciding the question. Had an unbeliever in the healing art been amongst the early inhabitants of this country, he would have been in a proper situation to witness the consequences of the want of the exercises of the art. For many years in succession there was no person who bore even the name of a doctor within a considerable distance of the residence of my father.

For the honor of the medical profession I must give it as my opinion, that many of our people perished for want of medical skill and attention.

The plenty was the only disease which was, in any considerable degree, understood by our people. A pain in the side called for the use of the lancet, if there was any kind to be had; but owing to its sparing use, the patient was apt to be left with a spitting of blood, which sometimes ended in consumption. A great number of children died with the cramp. Remittent and intermittent fevers were treated with warm drinks for the purpose of sweating, and the patients were denied the use of cold water and fresh air; consequently many of them died. Of those who escaped, not a few died afterwards of the dropsy or consumption, or were left with paralytic limbs. Deaths in childhood were not unfrequent. Many, no doubt, died of the bite of serpents, in consequence of an improper reliance on specifics possessed of no medical virtue.

My father died of an hepatic complaint, at the age of about forty-six. He had labored under it for thirteen years. The fever which accompanied it was called the "dumb ague," and the swelling in the region of the liver, "the ague cake." The abscess burst, and discharged a large quantity of matter, which put a period to his life in about thirty hours after the discharge.

Thus I, for one, may say that in all human probability I lost both my parents for want of medical aid.

CHAPTER XXVII

SPORTS

These were such as might be expected among a people, who, owing to their circumstances as well as education, set a higher value on physical than on mental endowments, and on skill in hunting and bravery in war, than on any polite accomplishments or fine arts.

Amusements are, in many instances, either imitations of the business of life, or at least of some of its particular objects of pursuit. On the part of young men belonging to nations in a state of warfare, many amusements are regarded as preparations for the military character which they are expected to sustain in future life. Thus the war-dance of savages is a pantomime of their stratagems and horrid deeds of cruelty in war, and the exhibition prepares the minds of their young men for a participation in the bloody tragedies which they represent. Dancing, among civilized people, is regarded not only as an amusement suited to the youthful period of human life, but as a means of inducing urbanity of manners and a good personal deportment in public. Horse racing is regarded by the statesmen as a preparation, in various ways, for the equestrian department of warfare; it is said that the English government never possessed a good cavalry, until by the encouragement given to public races, their breed of horses was improved. Games, in which there is a mixture of chance and skill, are said to improve the understanding in mathematical and other calculations.

Many of the sports of the early settlers of this country were imitative of the exercises and stratagems of hunting and war. Boys are taught the use of the bow and arrow at an early age; but, although they acquired considerable adroitness in the use of them, so as to kill a bird or squirrel sometimes, yet it appears that in the hands of the white people, the bow and arrow could never be depended upon for warfare or hunting, unless made and managed in a different manner from any specimens of them which I ever saw.

In ancient times, the bow and arrow must have been deadly instruments in the hands of the barbarians of our country; but I much doubt whether any of the present tribes of Indians could make much use of the flint arrowheads, which must have been so generally used by their forefathers.

Firarms, wherever they could be obtained, soon put an end to the use of the bow and arrow; but independently of this circumstance, military, as well as other arts, sometimes grow out of date and vanish from the world. Many centuries have elapsed since the world has witnessed the destructive accuracy of the Benjaminites in their use of the sling and stone; nor does it appear to me that a diminution.

in the size and strength of the aborigines of this country, has occasioned a decrease of accuracy and effect in their use of the bow and arrow. From all the ancient skeletons which have come under my notice, it does not appear that this section of the globe was ever inhabited by a larger race of human beings than that which possessed it at the time of its discovery by the Europeans.

One important pastime of our boys was that of imitating the noise of every bird and beast in the woods. This faculty was not merely a pastime, but a very necessary part of education, on account of its utility in certain circumstances. The imitations of the gobbling and other sounds of wild turkeys often brought those keen-eyed and ever watchful tenants of the forest within reach of the rifle. The bleating of the fawn brought its dam to her death in the same way. The hunter often collected a company of mopish owls to the trees about his camp; and while he amused himself with their hoarse screaming, his howl would raise and obtain responses from a pack of wolves, so as to inform him of their neighborhood, as well as guard him against their depredations.

This imitative faculty was sometimes requisite as a measure of provocation in war. The Indians, when scattered about in a neighborhood, often collected together by imitating turkeys by day, and wolves or owls by night. In similar situations our people did the same. I have often witnessed the consternation of a whole neighborhood in consequence of a few screeches of owls. An early and correct use of this imitative faculty was considered as an indication that its possessor would become in due time a good hunter and a valiant warrior.

Throwing the tomahawk was another boyish sport, in which many acquired considerable skill. The tomahawk, with its handle of a certain length, will make a given number of turns in a given distance. Say at five steps, it will strike with the edge, the handle downwards; at the distance of seven and a half steps, it will strike with the edge, the handle upwards; and so on. A little experience enabled the boy to measure the distance with his eye, when walking through the woods, and strike a tree with his tomahawk in any way he chose.

The athletic sports of running, jumping and wrestling, were the pastime of boys, in common with the men.

A well-grown boy, at the age of twelve or thirteen years, was furnished with a small rifle and shot pouch. He then became a fort soldier, and had his port-hole assigned him. Hunting squirrels, turkeys and raccoons soon made him expert in the use of his gun.

Dancing was the principal amusement of our young people of both sexes. Their dances, to be sure, were of the simplest forms—three and four-handed reels and jigs. Country dances, cotillions and minuets were unknown. I remember to have seen, once or twice, a dance which was called "The Irish Trot;" but I have long since forgotten the figure.

Shooting at marks was a common diversion among the men, when their stock of ammunition would allow it, which, however, was far from being always the case. The present mode of shooting off-hand was not then in practice; it was not considered as any trial of the value of the gun, nor indeed as much of a test of the skill of a marksman. Their shooting was from a rest, and at as great a distance as the length and weight of a barrel of the gun would throw a ball on a horizontal level. Such was their regard to accuracy, in those sportive trials of their rifles, and of their own skill in the use of them, that they often put moss or some other soft substance on the log or stump from which they shot, for fear of having the bullet thrown from the mark, by the spring of the barrel. When the rifle was held to the side of a tree for a rest, it was pressed against it as lightly as possible for the same reason.

Rifles of former times were different from those of modern date; few of them carried more than forty-five bullets to the pound, and bullets of a less size were not thought sufficiently heavy for hunting or war.

Dramatic narrations, chiefly concerning Jack and the Giant, furnished our young people with another source of amusement during their leisure hours. Many of those tales were lengthy, and embraced a considerable range of incident. Jack, always the hero of the story, after encountering many difficulties and performing many great achievements, came off conqueror of the Giant. Many of these stories were tales of knight-errantry, in which case some captive virgin was released from captivity and restored to her lover.

These dramatic narrations concerning Jack and the Giant bore a strong resemblance to the poems of Ossian, the story of the Cyclops and Ulysses in the *Odyssesy* of Homer and the tale of the Giant and Great-heart in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and were so arranged as to the different incidents of the narration, that they were easily committed to memory. They certainly have been handed down from generation to generation from time immemorial. Civilization has indeed banished the use of these ancient tales of romantic heroism; but what then? It has substituted in their place the novel and romance.

It is thus that in every state of society the imagination of man is eternally at war with reason and truth. That fiction should be acceptable to an unenlightened people is not to be wondered at, as the treasures of truth have never been unfolded to their mind; but that a civilized people themselves should, in so many instances, like barbarians, prefer the fairy regions of fiction to the august treasures of truth, developed in the sciences of theology, history, natural and moral philosophy, is truly a surcease on human nature. It is as much as to say, that it is essential to our amusement, that, for the time being, we must suspend the exercise of reason and submit to a voluntary deception.

Singing was another but not very common amusement among our first settlers. Their tunes were rude enough, to be sure. Robin Hood furnished a number of our songs; the balance were mostly tragical, and were denominated "love songs about murder." As to cards, dice, backgammon, and other games of chance, we know nothing about them. These are among the blessed gifts of civilization.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WITCHCRAFT

I shall not be lengthy on this subject. The belief in witchcraft was prevalent amongst the early settlers of the western country.* To the witch was ascribed the tremendous power of inflicting strange and incurable diseases, particularly on children, of destroying cattle by shooting them with hair balls, and a great variety of other means of destruction, of inflicting spells and curses on guns and other things, and lastly, of changing men into horses and after bridling and saddling them, riding them in full speed over hill and dale to their frolics and other places of rendezvous. More ample powers of mischief than these cannot be imagined.

Wizards were men supposed to be possessed of the same mischievous powers as the witches; but it was seldom exercised for bad purposes. The power of the wizards was exercised almost exclusively for the purpose of counteracting the malevolent influence of the witches of the other sex. I have known several of those witchmasters, as they were called, who made a public profession of curing those diseases inflicted by the influence of witches; and I have known respectable physicians, who had no greater portion of business in their line of their professions, than many of those witchmasters had in theirs.

The means by which the witch was supposed to inflict diseases, curses and spells, I never could learn. They were occult sciences, which no one was supposed to understand excepting the witch herself, and no wonder, as no such arts ever existed in any country.

The diseases of children, supposed to be inflicted by witchcraft, were those of the internal dropsy of the brain, and the rickets. The symptoms and cure of these destructive diseases were utterly unknown in former times in this country. Diseases which could neither be accounted for nor cured, were usually ascribed to some supernatural agency of a malignant kind.

For the cure of diseases inflicted by witchcraft, the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump or piece of board, and shot at with a bullet containing a little bit of silver. This bullet transferred a painful and sometimes a mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding with the part of the portrait struck by the bullet. Another method of cure was that of getting some of the child's water, which was closely corked up in a vial and hung up in a chimney. This complimented the witch with a stranguary, which lasted as long as the vial remained in the chimney. The witch had

* Fourth Edition Note.—It still lingers in remote parts of the Valley and its mountain environs. When butter is slow in coming, a heated horseshoe is sometimes thrown into the churn.

but one way of relieving herself from any spell inflicted on her in any way, which was that of borrowing something, no matter what, of the family to which the subject of the exercise of her witchcraft belonged.

I have known several poor old women much surprised at being refused requests which had usually been granted without hesitation, and almost heartbroken when informed of the cause of the refusal.

When cattle or dogs were supposed to be under the influence of witchcraft, they were burned in the forehead by a branding iron, or when dead, burned wholly to ashes. This inflicted a spell upon the witch which could only be removed by borrowing, as above stated.

Witches were often said to milk the cows of their neighbors. This they did by fixing a new pin in a new towel for each cow intended to be milked. This towel was hung over her own door, and by means of certain incantations, the milk was extracted from the fringes of the towel after the manner of milking a cow. This happened when cows were too poor to give much milk.

The first German glass-blowers in this country drove the witches out of their furnaces by throwing living puppies into them.

The greater or less amount of belief in witchcraft, necromancy and astrology, serves to show the relative amount of philosophical science in any country. Ignorance is always associated with superstition, which, presenting an endless variety of sources of hope and fear, with regard to the good and bad fortunes of life, keep the benighted mind continually harrassed with groundless and delusive, but strong and often deeply distressing impressions of a false faith. For this disease of the mind there is no cure but that of philosophy. This science shows to the enlightened reason of man, that no effect whatever can be produced in the physical world without a corresponding cause. This science announces that the death bell is but a momentary morbid motion of the nerves of the ear, and the death watch, the noise of a bug in the wall, and that the howling of the dog, and the croaking of the raven, are but the natural languages of the beast and fowl, and no way prophetic of the death of the sick. The comet, which used to shake pestilence and war from its fiery train, is now viewed with as little emotion as the movements of Jupiter and Saturn in their respective orbits.

An eclipse of the sun, and an unusual freshet at the Tiber, shortly after the assassination of Julius Caesar by Cassius and Brutus, threw the whole of the Roman empire into consternation. It was supposed that all the gods of heaven and earth were enraged, and about to take revenge for the murder of the emperor; but since the science of astronomy foretells in the calendar the time and extent of the eclipse, the phenomenon is not viewed as a miraculous and portentous, but as a common and natural event.

That the pythons and wizard of the Hebrews, the monthly soothsayers, astrologers and prognosticators of the Chaldeans, and

the sybils of the Greeks and Romans, were mercenary impostors, there can be no doubt.

To say that the pythonsess, and all others of her class, were aided in their operations by the intervention of familiar spirits, does not mend the matter; for spirits, whether good or bad, possess not the power of life and death, health and disease, with regard to man and beast. Pro-science is an incomunicable attribute of God, and therefore spirits cannot foretell future events.

The afflictions of Job, through the intervention of Satan, were miraculous. The possessions mentioned in the New Testament, in all human probability, were maniacal diseases, and if, at their cure, the supposed evil spirit spoke with an audible voice, these events were also miraculous, and effected for a special purpose. But from miracles, no general conclusion can be drawn with regard to the divine government of the world.

The conclusion is, that the powers professed to be exercised by the occult science of necromancy and other arts of divination, were neither more nor less than impostures.

Among the Hebrews, the profession of arts of divination was thought deserving of capital punishment, because the profession was of Pagan origin, and of course incompatible with the profession of theism, and a theocratic form of government. These jugglers perpetrated a debasing superstition among the people. They were also swindlers, who divested their neighbors of large sums of money and valuable presents without an equivalent.

On the ground then of fraud alone, according to the genius of the criminal codes of the ancient governments, the offense deserved capital punishment.

But is the present time better than the past with regard to a superstitious belief in occult influences? Do no traces of the polytheism of our forefathers remain among their Christian descendants? This inquiry must be answered in the affirmative. Should an almanac-maker venture to give out the Christian calendar without the column containing the signs of the zodiac, the calendar would be condemned as totally deficient, and the whole impression would remain on his hands.

But what are those signs? They are the constellations of the zodiac, that is clusters of stars, twelve in number, within and including the tropic of Cancer and Capricorn. These constellations resemble the animals after which they are named. But what influence do these clusters of stars exert on the animal and the plant? Certainly none at all; and yet we have been taught that the northern constellations govern the divisions of living bodies alternately from the head to the reins, and in like manner the southern from the reins to the feet. The sign then makes a skip from the feet to Aries, who again assumes the government of the head, and so on.

About half these constellations are friendly divinities, and exert a voluntary influence on the animal and the plant. The others are

malignant in their temper, and govern only for evil purposes. They blast during their reign the seed sown in the earth, and render medicine and the operation of surgery unsuccessful.

We have read of the Hebrews worshipping the hosts of heaven whenever they relapsed into idolatry; and these same constellations were the hosts of heaven which they worshipped. We, it is true, make no offering to these hosts of heaven, but we give them our faith and confidence. We hope for physical benefits from those of them whose dominion is friendly to our interests, while the reign of the malignant ones is an object of dread and painful apprehension.

Let us not boast very much of our science, civilization, or even Christianity, while this column of the relics of paganism still disgraces the Christian calendar.

I have made these observations with a view to discredit the remnants of superstition still existing among us. While dreams, the howling of the dog, and the croaking of the raven, are prophetic of future events, we are not good Christians. While we are dismayed at the signs of heaven, we are for the time being pagans. Life has real evils enough to contend with without imaginary ones.

In the section of the country where my father lived, there was, for many years after the settlement of the country, "neither law nor gospel." Our want of legal government was owing to the uncertainty whether we belonged to the state of Virginia or Pennsylvania. The line which at present divides the two states, was not run until some time after the conclusion of the Revolutionary War. Thus it happened, that during a long period of time we knew nothing of courts, lawyers, magistrates, sheriffs or constables. Every one was therefore at liberty "to do whatsoever was right in his own eyes."

As this is a state of society which few of my readers have ever witnessed, I shall describe it as minutely as I can, and give in detail those moral maxims which in a great degree answered the important purposes of municipal jurisprudence.

In the first place let it be observed that in a sparse population, where all the members of the community are well known to each other, and especially in time of war, where every man capable of bearing arms is considered highly valuable as a defender of his country, public opinion has its full effect, and answers the purposes of legal government better than it would in a dense population in time of peace.

Such was the situation of our people along the frontiers of our settlements. They had no civil, military or ecclesiastical laws, at least none that were enforced; and yet, "they were a law unto themselves," as to all the leading obligations of our nature in all the relations in which they stood to each other. The turpitude of vice and the majesty of moral virtue were then as apparent as they are now, and they were then regarded with the same sentiments of aversion or respect which they inspire at the present time. Industry in working or hunting, bravery in war, candor, honesty, hospitality, and steadiness of deportment, received their full reward of public honor and public confidence among our rude forefathers, as well as among their better instructed and more polished descendants. The punishments which they inflicted upon offenders by the imperial court of public opinion, were well adapted for the reformation of the culprit, or his expulsion from the community.

The punishment for idleness, lying, dishonesty, and ill-fame generally, was that of "hating the offender out," as they expressed it. This mode of chastisement was like the *stigma* of the Greeks. It was public expression, in various ways, of a general sentiment of indignation against such as transgressed the moral maxims of the community to which they belonged and commonly resulted either in

the reformation or banishment of the person against whom it was directed.

At house-raising, log rolling and harvest-parties, every one was expected to do his duty faithfully. A person who did not perform his share of labor on these occasions, was designated by the epithet of "Lawrence," or some other title still more opprobrious; and when it came to his turn to require the like aid from his neighbors, the idler felt his punishment in their refusal to attend to his calls.

Although there was no legal compulsion to the performance of military duty, yet every man of full age and size was expected to do his full share of public service. If he did not do so, he was "hated out as a coward." Even the want of any article of war equipment, such as ammunition, a sharp flint, a priming wire, a scalping knife, or tomahawk, was thought highly disgraceful. A man who, without a reasonable excuse, failed to go on a scout or campaign when it came to his turn, met with an expression of indignation in the countenance of all his neighbors, and epithets of dishonor were fastened upon him without mercy.

Debts, which make such an uproar in civilized life, were but little known among our forefathers at an early settlement of this country. After the depreciation of the continental paper, they had no money of any kind; everything purchased was paid for in produce or labor. A good cow and calf was often the price of a bushel of alum salt. If a contract was not faithfully fulfilled, the credit of the delinquent was at an end.

Any petty theft was punished with all the infamy that could be heaped on the offender. A man on a campaign stole from his comrade a cake out of the ashes in which it was baking. He was immediately named "The bread rounds." This epithet of reprobation was bandied about in this way. When he came in sight of a group of men, one of them would call, "Who comes there!" Another would answer, "The bread rounds." If any one meant to be more serious about the matter, he would call out, "Who stole a cake out of the ashes?" Another replied by giving the name of the man in full. To this a third would give confirmation by exclaiming, "That is true and no lie." This kind of "tongue lashing" he was doomed to bear for the rest of the campaign, as well as for years after his return home.

If a theft was detected in any of the frontier settlements, a summary mode of punishment was always resorted to. The first settlers, as far as I knew of them, had a kind of innate or hereditary detestation of the crime of theft, in any shape or degree, and their maxim was that "a thief must be whipped." If the theft was something of some value, a kind of jury of the neighborhood, after hearing the testimony, would condemn the culprit to Moses' law; that is, to forty stripes save one. If the theft was of small articles, the offender was doomed to carry on his back the flag of the United States, which then consisted of thirteen stripes. In either case, some

able hands were selected to execute the sentence, so that the stripes were sure to be well laid on.

This punishment was followed by a sentence of exile. He then was informed that he must decamp in so many days and be seen there no more on penalty of having the number of his stripes doubled.

For many years after the law was put in operation in the western part of Virginia, the magistrates themselves were in the habit of giving those who were brought before them on charges of small thefts, the liberty of being sent to jail or taking a whipping. The latter was commonly chosen, and was immediately inflicted after which the thief was ordered to clear out.

In some instances stripes were inflicted, not for the punishment of an offense, but for the purpose of extorting a confession from suspected persons. This was the torture of our early times, and no doubt sometimes very unjustly inflicted.

If a woman was given to tattling and slandering her neighbors, she was furnished by common consent with a kind of patent right to say whatever she pleased, without being believed. Her tongue was then said to be harmless, or to be no scandal.

With all their rudeness, these people were given to hospitality, and freely divided their rough fare with a neighbor or stranger, and would have been offended at the offer of pay. In their settlements and forts, they lived, they worked, they fought and feasted, or suffered together, in cordial harmony. They were warm and constant in their friendship. On the other hand they were revengeful in their resentments; and the point of honor sometimes led to personal combats. If one man called another a liar, he was considered as having given a challenge which the person who received it must accept, or be deemed a coward, and the charge was generally answered on the spot with a blow. If the injured person was decidedly unable to fight the aggressor, he might get a friend to do it for him. The same thing took place on a charge of cowardice, or any other dishonorable action. A battle must follow, and the person who made the charge must either fight the person against whom he made it, or any champion who chose to espouse his cause. Thus circumstance, our people in early times were much more cautious of speaking evil of their neighbors than they are at present.

Sometimes pitched battles occurred, in which time, place and seconds were appointed beforehand. I remember having seen one of these pitched battles in my father's fort, when a boy. One of the young men knew very well beforehand that he should get the worst of the battle, and no doubt repented the engagement to fight; but there was no getting over it. The point of honor demanded the risk of battle. He got his whipping; they then shook hands, and were good friends afterwards.

This mode of single combat in those days was dangerous in the extreme. Although no weapons were used, fists, teeth and feet were employed at will; but above all, the detestable practice of gouging,

by which eyes were sometimes put out, rendered this mode of fighting frightful indeed. It was not, however, so destructive as the stiletto of an Italian, the knife of a Spaniard, the small sword of the Frenchman, or the pistol of the American or English duelist.

Instances of seduction and bastardy did not frequently happen in our early times. I remember one instance of the former, in which the life of the man was put in jeopardy by the resentment of the family to which the girl belonged. Indeed, considering the chivalrous temper of our people, this crime could not then take place without great personal danger from the brothers or other relations of the victims of seduction, family honor being then estimated at a high rate.

I do not recollect that profane language was much more prevalent in our early times than at present.

Among the people with whom I was conversant, there was no other vestige of the Christian religion than a faint observance of Sunday, and that merely as a day of rest for the aged and play-day for the young.

The first Christian service I ever heard was in Garrison church, in Baltimore county, in Maryland, where my father had sent me to school. I was then about ten years old. The appearance of the church, the windows of which were Gothic, the white surplice of the minister, and the responses in the service, overwhelmed me with surprise. Among my school-fellows in that place, it was a matter of reproach to me that I was not baptized; and why? Because, as they said, I had no name. Such was their notion of the efficacy of baptism.

CHAPTER XXX

THE REVOLUTION

The American Revolution was the commencement of a new era in the history of the world. The issue of that eventful contest snatched the sceptre from the hands of the monarch, and placed it where it ought to be, in the hands of the people.

On the sacred altar of liberty it consecrated the rights of man, surrendered to him the right and power of governing himself, and placed in his hands the resources of his country, as munitions of war for his defense. The experiment was indeed bold and hazardous, but success has hitherto more than justified the most sanguine anticipations of those who made it. The world has witnessed, with astonishment, the rapid growth and confirmation of our noble fabric of freedom. From our distant horizon, we have reflected a strong and steady blaze of light on ill-fated Europe, from time immemorial involved in the fetters and gloom of slavery. Our history has excited a general and ardent spirit of inquiry into the nature of our civil institutions, and a strong wish on the part of the people in distant countries to participate in our blessings.

But will an example, so portentous of evil to the chiefs of despotic institutions, be viewed with indifference by those who now sway the scepter with unlimited power, over the many millions of their vassals? Will they adopt no measures of defense against the influence of that freedom, so widely diffused and so rapidly gaining strength throughout their empires? Will they make no effort to remove from the world those free governments, whose example gives them such annoyance? The measures of defense will be adopted, the effort will be made; for power is never surrendered without a struggle.

Already nations, which, from the earliest period of their history, have constantly crimsoned the earth with each other's blood, have become a band of brothers for the destruction of every germ of human liberty. Every year witnesses an association of the monarchs of those nations, in unhallowed conclave, for the purpose of concerting measures for effecting their dark designs. Hitherto the execution of those measures has been alas! too fatally successful.

It would be impolitic and unwise in us to calculate on escaping the hostile notice of the despots of continental Europe. Already we hear, like distant thunder, their expressions of indignation and threats of vengeance. We ought to anticipate the gathering storm without dismay, but not with indifference. In viewing the dark side of the prospect before us, one source of consolation, of much magnitude, presents itself. It is confidently expected, that the brave and potent nation, with whom we have common origin, will not risk

the loss of that portion of liberty, which at the expense of so much blood and treasure, they have secured for themselves, by an unnatural association with despots, for the unholy purpose of making war on the free nations of the earth, which possess any considerable portion of that invaluable blessing; on the contrary it is hoped by us that they will, if necessary should require, employ the bravery of their people, their numerous resources and the trident of the ocean, in defense of their own liberties, and by consequence those of others.

Legislators, fathers of our country! lose no time, spare no expense in hastening on the requisite means of defense, for meeting with safety and with victory the impending storm, which some of late years has fallen upon us.